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Dorothy Dayne, Rebel

Or, An Enemy of the King

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CHAPTER I.

THE HOUSE BY THE RIVER.

THERE! I pray God the light may be seen!"

The great mahogany clock in a well-to-do house in old New York in the fall of 1780 was striking the hour, when a door opened noiselessly and a man, bearing a candle in one hand, stepped across the threshold.

He crossed the room and set the candle in a window; then, falling back, he folded his arms and watched the ruddy light. His actions had all the indications of a prearranged signal.

As for the man himself, he had lately passed his fiftieth year. In person he was one who, once seen, was not to be soon forgotten. There were streaks of gray in his hair, his dark eyes were topped by heavy brows, his face was nearly oval, and his whole make-up indicated three things, secretiveness, courage and strength.

The little light might be visible to Washington's pickets across the river, for Sir Henry Clinton held possession of New York, where, for some time past,

the main topic of conversation had been Arnold's treason and the execution of the brave and unfortunate Major Andre.

Immediately after placing the candle, the lone man consulted his watch. Three minutes later he looked at it again, and then with a start he sprang forward and removed the light.

Outside the house, which stood by the river, the snow was coming airily down, presaging winter, now near at hand. Washington was at Tappan on the Jersey side, watching the enemy with the eagerness of a trained warrior. His little army could not cope with the mighty one that held the city, but all the same Clinton had abated none of his vigilance.

Presently, as if satisfied with his work, the man in the river house left the room as silently as he had entered. He had evidently carried out his purpose.

In another apartment, which might be called a library, for there were books on some shelves, an easy chair at a table, and paintings on the walls, the light was deposited on the cloth.

When our somewhat singular individual had seated himself, he unlocked a drawer which had a false bottom, from which he took a package of papers. With a scrutinizing look about the room, he opened the bundle and spread its contents before him. What he saw were lines, figures, and words traced on sheets of parchment.

"I hope the signal was seen," he said, speaking in low but audible tones. "I've got the plans correct to a dot. There can be no mistake. Here are the fortifications, and here plans of the traitor's house. Arnold! Arnold! Why could you not have been proof against the King's gold? I, who admired you once for Quebec and Saratoga, would throttle you now if I could. Andre was worth a thousand Arnolds, though a foe to liberty. His blood is on your guilty soul, Benedict Arnold, and if Prevost Grahame had his way——"

He paused, and, sweeping the papers back into the drawer, turned his head.

"You?" cried he, meeting the gaze of a person who had stolen into the apartment unannounced save by the faint click of a lock. "I thought you were out, girl?"

"I have just come in," was the response. "My return was blocked for a time by the Queen's Rangers."

A scowl darkened the man's face.

"Always the redcoats!" he exclaimed. "And, pray, Dorothy, where were the Rangers going?"

"They were escorting Colonel Simcoe to a banquet at General Knyphausen's headquarters."

"Whilst Washington's heroes are gnawing husks across the river! It is too bad, girl. It is infamous. And here we must stay in the lair of the lion and see the great traitor parade Broadway in red."

The young girl, who was very beautiful, had advanced to the chair, and now she laid one hand on the man's shoulder.

"Remember, we must not sleep while all this is going on," she said, looking down into the upturned face.

"We do not intend to sleep. You know that eternal vigilance is the price of liberty. No, Dorothy, slumber must not close our eyes, for this is the darkest hour of our fight for freedom. King George shall know that there is fight to the death in the Grahame blood. The wolf will bite as long as he has teeth."

Her brilliant eyes glowed at these words.

"You are going to the ball tomorrow night?"

"Yes. I dare not turn down Sir Henry's invitation."

"Of course not," he smiled. "Go and keep your eyes open. We have use for those eyes of yours, girl."

Her gaze wandered to the half-open drawer. It was a look which he quickly interpreted.

"I was just looking over the plans. They are perfect. I had the light in the window, and——"

"They will see it," she interrupted. "I am sure they will. It is a good night for our beacon."

"If they see the light they will come?" "At once."

"That is good."

"You will not dance with your old partner tomorrow night, child," the man said, watching Dorothy's face.

"Alas! I will not," was the reply. "He was so gallant, so manly, so brave."

"And, but for the world's great traitor, he would be alive today."

"Yes, Major Andre was one of God's noblemen," exclaimed the girl. "I admired him so."

"It is for us to cast the traitor into Washington's hands. Then retribution will come."

"It cannot come too soon for me."

"It is late now," continued Prevost Grahame. "You will go to bed, girl. I am going out awhile."

She bent over him and imprinted a kiss upon his brow.

"Be cautious," said she. "You know the streets swarm with our enemies."

"Just as if I would throw my life away," he laughed. "Fear not for the old lion of liberty," and with this he rose to his feet and escorted the girl to the door.

He remained there till he heard the last sound of her footsteps on the stair.

"Now for the venture!" he cried, going back to the table. "Dorothy does not know, and I will keep my little secret."

In a few moments he had put on a cloak, adding to his attire a hat, the brim of which he could pull over his face; then, selecting a pistol from a number which he had in the room, he glided away and opened the front portal.

The snow was still coming down. A cold air came up from the river and touched his cheek. Here and there were the lights of the shipping anchored in the icy tide, and in several of the houses near by he saw the flare of candles. Almost as fast as he walked the big white flakes covered up his foottracks. He smiled when he glanced over his shoulder and noticed this obliteration.

Grahame flitted to the first corner, when he turned abruptly to the right, which took him farther from the river.

All at once he reached a coffeehouse from which came the notes of a boisterous song, and, pausing a minute at the lighted window, he looked inside.

"Make merry while you can," he sent out from between welded jaws. "As I live, the tables shall turn one of these days. God will not hand us back to slavery. We are stronger than you think, George of England, and the time will come when not one of your hated flags will befoul the air of America."

With this he resumed his journey, glad at last to get beyond the songs of the roistering soldiery.

Half an hour later Prevost Grahame, the patriot, stopped in front of a house on a back street. There was no sign of light about the dwelling, but this did not prevent the man from pushing up the snowy steps and giving three peculiar raps on the panel. The door opened guardedly, and a face appeared.

Without a word Grahame slipped into the hall, and the door was closed. He saw but dimly the person who conducted him to a small room on the upper floor, and there he threw back his cloak.

A little man was looking at him from the middle of the room, a man with a thin face in which were set eyes that seemed to rival those of a weasel.

"How goes it, Peter?" asked Grahame. The weasel orbs snapped.

"Not as I would like altogether." was the reply. "I'm having trouble about the boat——"

"Never mind the boat," Grahame broke in. "Time enough for that. Dorothy is going to Sir Henry's ball tomorrow night——"

"What a girl!"

"The bravest in all the world and a glorious Rebel! She plays her 'hand' to perfection."

"But they say that all lanes turn," warned the little man.

"Dorothy's won't," cried Grahame, with confidence. "She can hoodwink the King's minions like one born to dissimulation."

"If they should unmask her?"

"What if they do? They will find that they have dealing with a woman who is more than man. But I haven't come here to talk this way. You have the packet?"

"Just as though I should lose it."

Peter went to a secret niche in the wall which opened by a sliding panel. He thrust his hand in, and the next second reeled backward with a cry.

"It is gone! gone!" and he turned a blanched face to his visitor, who seemed to gasp.

CHAPTER II.

"DOCTOR SATAN."

RECOVERING as soon as possible, Grahame, with an accusing look at Peter Prill, sprang across the chamber to the open oval in the wall. He thrust his hand in and let it remain there for a moment.

"It is gone! Lost forever," moaned Peter.

"And you promised to guard it sacredly," was the reply.

"I was guarding it. I was watching it like an eagle."

There was silence in the place for a minute.

"You have visitors, have you not?" demanded Prevost Grahame.

"Very few."

"Who are they?"

"Friends of the cause."

"Art sure of that, Master Prill?"

Peter's wan face grew resentful.

"Think you I would consort with the enemies of liberty?" said he.

"We can hardly trust ourselves nowadays. Think of Benedict Arnold."

"The traitor of the Hudson? I know of him."

"But you have not answered me," growled Grahame. "I asked you who your visitors are."

"There is Master Davos, Master Tomjohn and Doctor Le Garde——"

Grahame held up his hand.

"Doctor Le Garde, eh?" he cried. "So he comes here?"

"Now and then, but he is with the cause."

"So was Arnold till he sold himself for British gold!" almost hissed Grahame.

"But none of my visitors knew of the secret place yonder," insisted Peter.

"Man!" cried the other, "you don't know what has been taken! You don't know that a great secret was harbored by yon hole. You don't know what I have lost."

"Treasure?"

"More than mere treasure. It is the secret of a human life. It is one of the greatest a man has ever carried in his breast. Peter," he was at the old man's side now, his eyes blazing with the fury of a wild beast, "were it not for your years, I would slay you where you stand."

"Mercy! mercy!"

"I grant it, Peter. I withhold my vengeance. So Doctor Le Garde—'Doctor Satan,' as he is called—is one of your visitors?"

"I owe him much. He saved my life three years ago."

"But you paid him?"

"Gold could not repay him in full."

"When was he here last?"

The little man reflected for a second.

"It was night before last."

"And the packet was in yon place then?"

"I saw it there the next day."

Grahame turned about and paced toward the door. Pausing there, he fastened his cloak about his form and laid his hand on the latch.

"I've been a consummate fool," said he. "Why did I entrust that packet to Peter Prill?" and with this he flung the door wide and bounded out into the night.

He seemed to hate himself as he tramped the dimly-lighted streets with head bent low and a scowl on his face. Grahame was at war with himself, and seeing no one, he presently turned into Broadway.

The glimmer of a light in a house near the foot of that famous thoroughfare caused him to stop. His eyes flashed more than ever as he surveyed it.

"I might do it with ease," he said to himself. "The traitor may be alone even now. And by ridding the world of him, I would be doing liberty a service. But no! Vengeance will overtake him; if not the vengeance of his countrymen, then the retribution of God."

He shook a clinched hand at the traitor's house and passed on.

His own domicile was dark enough when he reached it. By this time his rage was somewhat abated, but traces of it were still visible in his glowering eyes. When he opened the door of a small room to the left of the hall, he fell back and stared at a woman who sat at a little table.

"You?" exclaimed Grahame, staring in astonishment at her. "I looked for no visitor tonight."

"It is always the unexpected that happens," observed the woman with a smile. "I am liable to come at all times."

She was younger than Prevost Grahame. There were traces of lost beauty in her face, but some of it still lingered. That she was a woman out of the ordinary one could see at even a hasty glance. Her eyes were intensely black, her hair, put up after the manner of the times, had here and there a little streak of silver, and her hands were long and thin.

Grahame threw off his cloak and approached his caller.

"Did Dorothy see you?" he asked, with caution and fear mingled in his voice.

"I saw no one," was the prompt reply. "The door was not locked."

"Grahame's door is never locked."

"Then you fear not the King's legions?"

A smile curled the patriot's lips. He drew forward a chair and seated himself facing the woman; then, after a brief silence, he spoke again.

"Why are you out at this hour?" he asked.

"I have news."

"You always have news," smiled Grahame. "Is it concerning the enemy?"

"Yes."

"Well?"

"'Doctor Satan' has gone over to the foe."

"Is that all?"

Prevost Grahame was wonderfully calm now.

"Gone over to Clinton, eh?" he said. "Anything more?"

"Cunningham has received a new bunch of prisoners."

"Heaven help the poor wretches."

The woman leaned across the table and transfixed Grahame with her wonderful eyes.

"I followed them to the very doors of their prison," she went on. "I saw the inhuman monster gloat over his captives. Among them was one in whom I take a great interest."

"A friend he must have been."

"More than a friend," and the hand at the table suddenly closed. "I could have robbed Cunningham of his prey, but never mind. That will come later. I am going to Sir Henry's bal masque tomorrow night."

Grahame recoiled with a look of incredulity.

"You at the ball?" cried he. "In the name of Heaven, who sent you an invitation?"

"Don't question me too closely," was the answer. "Let me have one little secret."

"Keep it," said the patriot. "I am the last man to rob a woman of a single treasure."

"Thank you, Prevost."

"But how know ye that Le Garde has gone over to the enemy?"

"When I see him with Benedict Arnold, when I find him riding with Madame Telle, when I see him enter Sir Henry Clinton's residence, don't I know that he has sold Liberty for thirty pieces of silver?"

"It is proof enough," flashed Grahame, almost leaping to his feet. "This viper would sting us to death, and yet we have trusted him. This reptile with French blood in his veins would sell us to the enemy."

He rose and began to pace the floor. Covertly the woman watched him, her eyes scintillating like diamonds and her whole soul in the action. He came back to her and resumed the chair.

"You are going to the masque for a purpose?" he presently said.

"You are right, Prevost."

"Dorothy will be there."

"What! Your——"

"My ward," he interrupted. "I thought at first to dissuade her, but I knew she would resent it."

"You can trust the girl," the woman pursued. "There is no firmer friend of freedom in New York."

"Dorothy rejoices in her rebellion. I have no fears of her at the ball. But you?"

"Fear not for La Belle Lanore," was the reply. "I have entered the lion's den before now, and have emerged with a whole skin."

"But the lion has been sharpening his teeth of late. We must dull them ere long."

Grahame watched his visitor as she prepared to leave, and for some moments no other word was heard.

"You have met with a curb!" she suddenly exclaimed. "You don't seem your old self tonight."

"I have been robbed," came tensely over Grahame's lips. "But let it pass. When I am struck I strike back. It takes more than one thrust to deprive me of all my poison."

With this he held out his hand and escorted his visitor to the front door.

For some little time he watched the black-robed figure that flitted through the falling snow, and then returned to the room. He now took his pistol from his pocket and cleaned it carefully, withdrawing the charges and replacing them with new ones. His color came and went. There was no trembling of the hands that worked, no quivering of an eyelash, no rippling of the waves of fear about his heart. When his task was done, he looked up and noted the hands of the clock against the wall.

"It is time for bed," said he, his ashen lips scarcely moving. "The hour of vengeance is yet to come," and then the light was extinguished and he went slowly up the staircase in the hall.

CHAPTER III.

GOADED TOO FAR.

THE BRITISH feasted in New York; Washington and his men were almost starving in the Jerseys. In the city there were fetes of all kinds, across the river as gallant men as ever lived shivered on the edge of winter. There were scarlet uniforms in one place and tatters in the other. Arnold's treason had thrown a pall over the American cause; but there were still many who looked for a silver lining to the cloud of war, trusting in Washington to dissipate the gloom that prevailed.

Sir Henry Clinton lived in luxury in the city which his arms had captured. His fetes were the most brilliant ever seen in a colonial city. They were attended by the rich and the elite of New York. Handsome equipages bore handsome Loyalist ladies to these wonderful functions, and Clinton's court almost rivaled that of the King whom he served.

But one face was missing. Major Andre had paid the penalty of his recklessness. He had served the second Judas one day too many. His brilliant career had ended on the scaffold, and now Arnold strutted the streets in the uniform of his infamy.

It was the night following the scenes we have just related, when a string of carriages deposited their handsomely dressed occupants at Sir Henry's residence. The bloom of New York sprang up the steps and entered the mansion to the strains of entrancing music. It was the first fete after Andre's death.

Among those who entered the house was one whose face was half hidden by a domino of soft gray cloth. This person had the springiness of youth in her steps. She was met at the entrance by a young lieutenant in full dress, and escorted to the great room where already more than a hundred guests were assembled. The wearer of the gray mask was Dorothy Dayne, who had received a perfumed invitation to the function.

The girl took her place in a secluded spot, and fell to observing the beautiful costumes which were revealed by the all-pervading light of the costly chandeliers. From the gleam in her eye there was a smile on her hidden lips. She had come more to observe than to take part in the festivities.

Scarcely had Dorothy taken her place than she was brushed by a domino who had observed her.

"A sight worth seeing," said a low

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voice, at sound of which the girl turned her head.

"A sight worthy the man who has made it possible," she returned.

"What would the rag-tag Rebels say if they could look in upon us?"

The young girl started visibly, but the next moment she had perfect control of herself.

"The spectacle across the river is wholly different," said she.

"Aye, and it will be more so as the year advances. Some day, when we have the captured army in our power, we will entertain them and let them see what real luxury is."

"Think you that will ever be?"

"The collapse of the rebellion is nearer than you think," and her vis-a-vis bowed gallantly. "Ere long we shall see Washington dance to the music of Major Cunningham's whip."

Quick as a flash Dorothy turned her eyes full upon the man at her side. He was young, as she could see despite his domino. His figure was perfection and his bearing that of the higher classes. Who was he, and why had he sought her out to pour such words into her unwilling ears? Had he pierced her disguise?

At that moment the music began anew, and there was a flutter at the main entrance. Dorothy followed all eyes and looked in that direction. Sir Henry Clinton appeared in the arched way with a ravishingly dressed lady on his arm. All knew her despite her domino. In all New York there was no more beautiful woman than Vesta Telle, the leader of Tory society.

She could not conceal her identity. In fact, she never tried to hide it, for should she do so she would not be Vesta Telle. She was proud of her position that night. She had triumphed over all her rivals, for had not the British commander singled her out for his attention?

"Our Bird of Paradise is in her element," whispered the man at Dorothy's elbow. "A fitting plumage for such a bird."

Dorothy made no reply.

In the middle of the richly decorated room Sir Henry released his chosen one, and she slipped down the line of dominos, stopping here and there with well selected greetings for the General's guests. Was it fate that she stopped before the beautiful Rebel?

"Welcome!" she said to Dorothy, holding out a fair white hand which blazed with rings. "I welcome you to Sir Henry's paradise."

Soft as the words were, they grated harshly on the girl's ears. She had no regard for this woman who was trying to destroy liberty, and who was known to be the head of a secret cabal composed of women of her own stripe.

Dorothy touched the outstretched hand, which she found as cold as ice, and released it with an inward shudder. Vesta passed on with a strange backward glance at Dorothy. It seemed to have a baleful meaning.

If she had followed this haughty creature, she would have seen her stop in front of a man whose face was but illy hidden by a domino.

"It is the murderer Cunningham," said the girl to herself, when, a few secunds later, she saw Vesta in close conversation with the man. "If Sir Henry associates with such a creature, if he permits him underneath his roof, when he knows he has slain more than one unfortunate prisoner committed to his care, he is as low as the jailer himself."

"I cannot be mistaken," Vesta was saying to Cunningham in low tones. "My eyes are as good as ever. She is the suspected girl, the ward of old Grahame. She fell prettily into the net, taking the bait like an eager pigeon."

Cunningham flashed his dark eyes in Dorothy's direction.

"I won't forget her," said he in return. "Do you want me to bring her out?"

"Not here," answered Vesta. "I only want you to mark her, that is all."

In another moment the pair had separated, and Cunningham vanished.

In accordance with the customs of the day, each gentleman was to select his partner for the grand banquet.

This elaborate function was held in an adjoining room, where a sumptuous feast had been spread. Dorothy wondered who would be her escort, when lo! she saw approaching her the jailer of New York. Her face went white with indignation. There was blood on this man's soul and all New York knew it.

In a minute he was bowing to her with the best grace he could assume. Dorothy's face went from white to crimson. His touch was contagion. Beating down her feelings as well as she could, she accepted the proffered arm and was escorted to the banquet board. To sit beside Cunningham seemed to sear her brain. He was a brute of the lowest type, but one for which Sir Henry Clinton had the greatest use.

As the beautiful Rebel looked down the board, she saw that Vesta Telle's lustrous eyes were fastened upon them. In those orbs she read the triumph of a cunning woman.

"What think you of our glorious cause?" whispered Cunningham, leaning toward the girl. "Will we not soon have the Rebel army in our power?"

A pang went like a lightning bolt to Dorothy's heart.

"I am a woman, you know, and we women do not bear arms," she answered evasively.

"But you think," pursued Cunningham, determined not to let her off so easily. "I doubt not that you women even plan some of our campaigns."

"Ah, we leave that to our generals," replied the girl.

In an instant, as it were, Dorothy saw through the plot against her. The meeting between Cunningham and Vesta was now as plain as a pikestaff.

"I know you are interested in everything that pertains to the King's cause," Cunningham went on, his tones dropping to a confidential whisper. "We have obtained a great victory today."

Now the girl was interested.

"A victory?" said she. "Then you have news which has not reached me."

"Yes? We have news of great events ahead. Indeed, General Arnold's brave act is to be supplemented by a greater one."

"Ah!"

"Reposing confidence in your loyalty," with a swift glance toward Vesta Telle, "I am going to confide a momentous secret to you, fair one."

"I might betray you," bantered Dorothy.

"There is no fear of that," was the answer. "I read loyalty in your eyes, and eyes like yours never betray."

The girl did not speak.

"The Rebel cause is on its last legs," the man proceeded. "Ere long our brave soldiers will return to England with the rebellion in North America crushed forever. Wait till Washington makes terms with King George as General Arnold did."

A thrill ran through every fiber of Dorothy's being.

"What?" she cried, falling back. "Do you tell me that General Washington is going to sell his cause?"

"I tell you nothing less, on the honor of a soldier. The Rebel Washington is even now negotiating for a command in the King's army!"

It was more than the fascinating girl could stand. She felt her cheek whiten; her blood leaped to her finger tips, and bending toward Cunningham, she flashed two words in his face:

"You lie!"

"Unhand the girl!"

CHAPTER IV.

RUNNING THE GANTLET.

AS TRUE as an arrow to its target went the startling accusation. About the fringe of his domino the face of Cunningham grew suddenly white. The wine cup which he was raising to his lips almost fell from his hand. The look which he bestowed upon the girl seemed to pierce her like a bolt of ice.

"It is true," said he, when he had recovered. "The Rebel Washington will soon be pleading for mercy at the feet of Clinton."

"Never, sir! You do not know the spirit of the great Virginian."

"They all cringe in time. But a truce to this badinage," and Cunningham shot a swift glance in Vesta Telle's direction.

Dorothy was glad to escape, if only for a moment, those baleful eyes. She was fully herself again. Courage had come back to her, though she realized that she was in danger. There was now no doubt that her disguise had been penetrated. She was in the lion's lair, and the real purpose which had brought her to the fete might bear no fruit. She had come to gather information that might be of value to the cause she loved so dearly, trusting in her incognito, but now all hopes seemed to flee.

The glance of Cunningham brought a smile to Vesta Telle's face, as Dorothy could plainly see. That designing creature was in her element, exchanging bonmots with her associates, but between them she had time for other things.

The beautiful Rebel of New York had no desire to retract her outburst of feeling. Let it rankle in Cunningham's heart. He was but a monster at best, a slave to his cruel passions, as more than one unfortunate prisoner knew, and Dorothy had the utmost detestation for him.

At that moment Vesta Telle rose to her feet, and, holding her goblet above her head, proposed a glowing toast to King George. All glasses were raised, even Dorothy's, but the patriot girl merely touched the gilded brim of hers. Perchance her deception had been seen, perhaps the act had escaped all eyes, but she did not care. As if he had carried out his purpose, Cunningham bothered her no more, and she rejoiced that she was free from his infamy.

After the banquet Dorothy got rid of her hated escort and retired to a secluded corner. There was a great bustle in the high ceiled chamber which was the ballroom. The girl looked around for Vesta Telle, but she was not to be seen. It was good riddance, she thought.

All at once she heard a voice at her side, and, looking up, she beheld one of the guests standing over her.

"I believe I have the delight to address my friend to whom I sent the invitation."

Dorothy almost shuddered. Was the unmasking to befall before the proper time? She was on the eve of replying, when Vesta, again on the arm of Sir Henry, swept grandly into the room. All eyes were again centered upon the pair.

The Unknown beside Dorothy was looking away.

"Courage, my dear one," whispered a woman who had paused in front of her. "You have at least one friend in this eagle's nest."

A friend! If ever in her life, Dorothy thought, she needed a friend at that moment.

"I am La Belle Lanore," continued the woman. "I am for Washington and freedom."

This assurance was honey to the fair Rebel.

"Keep up a stout heart," the woman went on. "I see the lion is showing his teeth, but as yet he is not very dangerous."

"I am going home," answered Dorothy in low tones. "I have seen all I care to see tonight."

"But you must go secretly," was the reply. "They have eyes for you."

Five minutes later Dorothy stood in the vestibule of the mansion. She had wrapped her cloak snugly about her form, but had not disposed of her domino. Now, if ever, she must make her escape.

Her hand was on the doorknob, when she heard a step behind her. Her heart seemed to bound into her throat.

"You are not flitting, I hope?" said a voice, as a man's figure advanced. "Is this my reward for the invitation?"

At the same time a hand went up and the domino was dropped. Dorothy recoiled.

"I thank you for it, Captain Montray," she said. "Remember it was none of my seeking."

"I know it was not, but my friendship——"

"Accept my thanks and let the incident pass."

"Without having the pleasure of your company in the first quadrille?"

Dorothy was confused for the moment. Captain Lennox Montray was one of the most chivalrous officers in the British army. Handsome of form and face, he was a man who had high aspirations, yet he was devoted to his King, and but for this he might have had the best wishes of the girl whom he now addressed.

"Some other time and elsewhere," Dorothy went on. "I am just on the eve of retiring."

He held out his hand, which she took with a firm pressure, all the time looking into his gray eyes as if she would read by them the secrets of his soul. She opened the door with determination. At last she was free.

A few snowflakes touched her face, and despite their coldness, they seemed to infuse her with new life. Out on the street she saw the long line of carriages that waited for Clinton's guests.

Her steps were now swift and many. Her one desire was to get back to the house by the river, to the presence of Prevost Grahame, to whom she could relate her adventures.

Her mission had not been altogether fruitless. She had discovered a link which united Cunningham to Madame Telle; she had learned a few new things at the bal masque, though not as much as might have been found if she had remained longer.

New things were about to take place in New York, for she doubted not that the signal in the window had been seen by Washington's pickets, and one of the greatest schemes afoot was on the eve of accomplishment.

Behind her were the brilliant lights in Clinton's mansion. She had but to look over her shoulder to see them glimmer in the wintry night, and her white teeth set hard when she thought of the little army across the river shivering in their poor tents.

Dorothy was some distance from the scene of mirth when she heard the galloping of a horse behind her. There was nothing strange about this, for British dragoons were at all times riding the city, and some courier no doubt was on his way somewhere.

Nearer and nearer came the single horseman. Patter, patter went the iron-shod hoofs on the stones. The startled girl looked suddenly back. The rider was almost upon her.

As she drew aside to escape the animal, for she had taken to the middle of the street unwittingly, the horse was abruptly reined in, and she looked up into the face of the man in the saddle.

Her recognition of him was instantaneous. There was no dragoon in the King's army like Colonel Simcoe of the Queen's Rangers. He sat his mount like a born rider, and more than one patriot had felt the edge of his sword.

There was a sinister smile on Simcoe's face as he gazed down upon Dorothy. For a moment she seemed to shrink within herself. Then she gathered up her nerves and returned the look with interest.

"How now?" cried Simcoe, with a laugh in his eyes. "Are you not lost, my dainty one?"

"I am not lost," returned Dorothy. "Are not the streets of New York open to my sex after dark?"

"They are free to those who serve the King," was the reply which sent a thrill to every part of her being. "If you will go with me, Miss——"

"With you, and why?" interrupted the beautiful Rebel.

Simcoe did not answer, but leaning downward, suddenly gripped her shoulder and drew her toward him.

The truth went to Dorothy's brain like an electric bolt. She was reaping the consequences of her folly. A message had gone to Colonel Simcoe from Sir Henry Clinton's house, inspired by Vesta Telle or Cunningham. She was a suspect; she was to be grilled by the foes to freedom, and would probably find a cell in the hated prisons of the British.

The grip of Simcoe tightened.

"Come with me," he said harshly, all his clever look flying at once from his red face. "A few interrogations and then

(Continued on page seven.)

BY ORDER OF THE TONG

By WILDER ANTHONY

"You have been chosen!"

WITH a finger resembling the stem of a much smoked clay pipe, Wo Lee turned the pages of the Chinese Daily World and pored over the ideographic symbols thereon with consuming interest. As he read, his wizened face, brown and wrinkled as the skin of an overdone baked apple, puckered about the eyes until it seemed at the point of bursting, while the eyes themselves glistened and scintillated like those of a snake. Their owner was amazed, not to say alarmed, at some item of news in the paper, and he proclaimed the fact by a series of sharp intakings of his breath and many nervous, furtive glances which, from time to time, he cast around the room as though he feared interruption. All was quiet, however, and gradually, as he continued his reading, he became more and more absorbed, until he finally forgot this precaution. Thus it was that he failed to heed the soft opening of the door behind him.

"Well, you have discovered it, I see," said a deep, calm voice, in Chinese.

Wo Lee's diminutive figure stiffened, and his breath, hastily expelled with a long-drawn whistling sound, seemed to leave his body for good. For a long minute, as though suddenly turned to stone, he never moved, but sat hunched over the paper, staring straight before him in a kind of daze. Then, by a strong effort of will, he forced himself to speak.

"You have come, oh, Master!" he wailed in rasping sing-song, without shifting his position so much as a hair's breadth. He seemed afraid to turn and confront the intruder.

"I have come." The visitor—he was very large and very heavily built for a Chinaman—stepped into the room and sat down. There was a cunning gleam in his narrow eyes as he turned them on the cringing form of the other, but his face was as expressionless as a mask. "I have come to see that there shall be no mistake," he continued, in his deep tones. "You know the penalty?"

"I do, oh, Master; but I would that another had been chosen. This man is as a brother to me."

"The Tong has ordered, and the Tong must be obeyed," intoned the big man, sonorously.

"True; but there——"

"Enough. This is no time for excuses," the other interrupted fiercely, while for an instant his imperturbable face was convulsed with an awful fury. "You know our law. This dog, this worm, this unclean fratricide must die! You have been chosen. Obey, or——" He paused and shrugged his shoulders significantly.

At the beginning of this outburst Wo Lee shrank back in terror, glancing about him stealthily, like a cornered rat. He was badly frightened, and for several minutes he sat still. Then, with fingers which visibly trembled, he laid down his paper and faced the other, moistening his parched lips as he did so.

"It is enough; I will obey," he said submissively. "I have ever been a faithful servant of the Tong."

"So be it then. You have two days. There must be no error. On the night of the third day the Tong must have proof that its enemy has been removed. You know the penalty of disobedience. See that you are not made to suffer it."

Wo Lee shuddered and dropped his head upon his hands in utter helplessness.

"It is enough," he repeated, hoarsely; "I will obey."

Silently, but with a smile of devilish, malignant triumph on his wooden countenance, the big Tong leader arose and stalked majestically out of the room.

Left alone, Wo Lee sank dejectedly against the table and stared before him with unseeing eyes. He knew what was expected of him, and he knew that he must carry out his orders. Ah Ty had offended the Tai-Ping, and he was doomed. From the very first Wo Lee had realized this; but he had hoped that some other than himself might be chosen to remove him. Ah Ty was his best, almost his only close friend; and yet, by some devilish trick of Fate, he had been picked by his Tong leaders to kill their enemy. Within two days he must by some means—the method was left to his own choice—dispose of his friend in such a manner that all Chinatown would know of his death. It does not pay for one to conspire against his Tong.

For many hours Wo Lee sat in silent loneliness, puzzling his brains for a way out of his difficulty; but he could think of none. Ah Ty was doomed. No power on earth could save him. Wo Lee was ready and willing to make any personal sacrifice for his friend—he would gladly change places with him and die in his stead; but he knew that this could make no difference. If he failed to carry out the directions of the Tong, another would be appointed in his place. Nothing could save Ah Ty unless——

Suddenly, like an inspiration direct from Heaven, an idea forced itself into the little Chinaman's brain. There was just one way to cheat the Tai-Ping of its revenge and at the same time insure his friend's safety. One way for him to pay his debt of gratitude and friendship to Ah Ty. Did he dare take it? For a while he pondered this; then, with the air of one who has made up his mind to see his duty unflinchingly to an end, cost what it may, he got up and crossed the room.

Taking an ink-pot and a small pointed brush from a shelf, he sat down again and rapidly wrote a short message in Chinese, which he folded and concealed in the sleeve of his blouse. Pausing only long enough to lock up his little store, he shuffled away down the street.

It was almost dark and nearing the hour when San Francisco's Chinatown awakens from the slothful lethargy which possesses it during the daytime. Here and there dark, silent figures flitted ghostlike from door to door, or disappeared in the mouths of the many crooked alleys. There was, to the initiated, an air of suppressed activity in these quiet comings and goings, although, for the most part, the houses which lined both sides of the narrow streets were dark, silent, forbidding; outwardly, at least, showing no sign of the nightly orgies which took place within.

While a few show restaurants and theaters are maintained for revenue, derived from globe trotters, tourists, and Eastern "hangers-on," the real business and pleasure of Chinatown is hidden from Anglo-Saxon eyes. Like a huge rabbit warren in its maze of secret passageways and underground homes, the place has never been wholly revealed to any white man. There are countless numbers of hidden resorts, veiled by humble exteriors, where, in reckless luxury, the wily Chinese indulge in every pleasure that money can buy, or sensual appetites crave.

Opium-smoking dens, gambling palaces, eating-houses to tempt an epicure—all these are judiciously concealed in winding alleys or narrow hillside streets. From the suave, silent Chinese merchants, handling their hundreds of thousands annually, to sly smugglers, crafty desperadoes, and cruel highbinders—all the initiated in these sumptuous resorts are free with their gold, ready with their weapons, and merciless in sin and shame. No alien can ever fathom the workings of the Oriental mind.

Silent and inconspicuous in dress, Wo Lee made his way past dozens of these artfully hidden dens, until he finally paused before an unpretentious dwelling at the corner of a side street. After one quick, furtive glance to right and left he opened a small door and slipped within. Inside, as he expected, it was dark and still; Ah Ty was never home at this hour. But like one accustomed to his surroundings Wo Lee shuffled into a back room and laid the note, which he took from his sleeve, in a place where he knew his friend would be sure to find it before morning. Then, as noiselessly as he had come, the little Chinaman stole outdoors again.

On the way back to his own house he stopped at a drug shop, where he made several purchases; afterward, with a bulky package under one arm, he proceeded on his way.

This night Wo Lee played the leading role in a wild, riotous debauch. Making his way from place to place in the underworld, he gambled and drank with a prodigality seldom seen in a Chinaman. Money flowed from him like water; and the members of the Tai-Ping who saw him winked knowingly at each other. They read, or thought they read, the signs correctly. He was fortifying himself against the task that lay before him.

Smiling inscrutably, Wo Lee picked his way along past closed shutters, grated windows, and barred doors, which even the bravest of San Francisco policemen dared not violate alone. There were regions, apparently innocuous, where only a strong squad of well-armed veterans of the city force ventured to go after nightfall.

Wo Lee finally turned into a humble doorway and exhibited a little red ticket, with Chinese characters on it, to a brawny doorkeeper, whose wadded vest bulged with two pistols. With a smile, the guard called a softly gliding Chinese lad.

Past several doors, where parties of unseen guests were gayly supping, Wo Lee was shown through varied apartments, all splendid with costly fittings from the Far East. He sighed gently as he caught the rustle and "frou-frou" of disappearing women's skirts. Here under the lanterns and silken hangings, amid undreamed-of splendor, concealed behind a mere brown wooden tenement front, was the faint, sickish-sweet tinge of opium smoke, the odor of wines, and the fragrant tang of costly Havanas. Locked in these dim haunts of debasing luxury, with their passages and underground tunnels from street to street, were hidden the bright-eyed women of different lands, who knew the inner secrets of San Francisco's remorseless and merciless Chinatown.

At the end of a maze of passages and narrow stairways Wo Lee was finally conducted into a low-ceiled, hazy, sickish-odored room. Numerous bunks and divans lined its walls, while in the center a shriveled, mummy-faced Chinaman sat humped over a brazen lamp. With a nod to this attendant, Wo Lee sank upon a couch and waited until he could be furnished with a pipe and sufficient opium to give him the repose and surcease that his soul craved. His plans were all arranged, and he intended to spend the interval before their consummation in the indulgence of, to him, the most sublime of all pleasures.

Day came and went, and it was night again when Wo Lee finally arose from his couch, paid his reckoning, and left the opium house. Leaden-eyed and half-sick from his debauch, he went home and picked up the bundle which he had left there the previous evening; then, after one long look around his little store, he made his way to Ah Ty's dwelling.

Here, when he had assured himself that the windows were secure and closely shuttered, he struck a match and lighted a smoky lamp. The house, as before, was deserted; but Wo Lee seemed to be thoroughly at home. He knew exactly before he read the communication which he found hidden beneath a loose board in the floor, that his friend was by then well on his way to Los Angeles, where he had relatives who would aid him to conceal himself until he could get out of the country. He would lose no time once he knew that the Tai-Ping had decreed his death.

With inscrutable, masklike face, Wo Lee set about his preparations for deceiving the Tong into the belief that Ah Ty had been murdered according to orders. Without haste, but with the steady method and determination of one who has a definite purpose in view, he placed a quantity of papers and cotton waste against the wooden walls and flimsy hangings of the room, piling over them such articles of furniture as he could easily move. Then he took a large bottle from his bundle and sprinkled its contents over everything until the place reeked with the odor of naphtha. After a final look around the room, in which his keen little eyes saw every detail of his arrangements, Wo Lee locked and barred the front door and stealthily crept out of the back of the house.

Crossing a wide court, he stopped in the darkness of a deep archway and knocked softly on a small door. For a moment he waited, then, as the door swung open, he dodged inside and confronted an old, wrinkled Chinaman, who stood blinking at him in the dim light of a tallow dip. For several minutes the two talked softly in Chinese; then the old man turned and slippered off down the passageway.

In a low-studded, musty room, dark and damp as a cellar, the old man paused and bent over a shrouded object which lay on a long platform. With a faint shudder and a half-fearful glance at several other covered figures, lying dim and motionless at the other end of the bench, Wo Lee lifted the sheet and gazed at the body it had covered. After a brief glance, which sized up the dead man from head to foot, he turned to the keeper of the morgue and nodded.

Without a word the old man set down his candle and wound the sheet tightly around the corpse. Then the two men lifted it and retraced their steps to the little door by which Wo Lee had entered the building. In the shadow of the archway they put down their burden, and Wo Lee handed his companion something which clinked musically. With a bow and a murmured word or two in Chinese the ancient stepped inside again and closed the door.

When a careful scrutiny of the neighborhood had convinced him that no spying eye observed his movements, Wo Lee hoisted his grisly burden on to his shoulder and staggered back to Ah Ty's.

Carrying the body to the front room, he placed it on a couch and fastened a metal-bowled opium pipe in the icy fingers of one hand; then he stood back and surveyed his work approvingly. The dead man lay in Ah Ty's house—he was of about Ah Ty's age and stature, and if—— Wo Lee grunted in deep satisfaction, and hastened to complete the final details of his scheme.

He left the lower floor and went upstairs, where for some time he worked busily in the darkness, opening a number of doors and windows. At last, when a faint breeze began to rustle the faded curtains and hangings of the interior, he crept noiselessly below again. Back in the room where he had left the body, he stooped over a pile of oil-drenched cotton-waste, and was in the act of striking a match, when his jaw dropped suddenly and an expression of incredulity, not unmixed with fright, appeared on his face. The dead body, which only a few minutes before had lain still and rigid on the couch, was gone!

For an interval of perhaps five minutes Wo Lee stared at the empty couch in horrified fascination, while little beads of sweat slowly formed on his yellow face and neck. Then, as his first spasm of superstitious horror was replaced by a full realization of what had actually occurred, he straightened up and looked behind him. As he suspected, the door was partly open. He had forgotten to lock it, and the old Chinaman had followed him. Now, safe in the depths of his evil-smelling, ghostly den, the keeper of the dead was probably chuckling over the success of his coup. After selling the body for a good price, he had stolen it back again.

As these thoughts flashed through Wo Lee's head a grim of devilish hate and rage showed for an instant on his lips, and his hand sought the handle of his knife. The idea of following the thief and settling accounts with him for good and all had crossed his mind; but the next second he dismissed it with a hopeless shake of his head. The old man would be on his guard for the rest of that night, at least, and time was very precious.

A groan of despair burst from Wo Lee's lips as he considered this. It was too late to buy another body; furthermore, he hadn't money enough. He was doomed. Caught in the jaws of his own trap! Ah Ty was safe; but the Tong was yet to be satisfied. There was only one way left, and——

Like most Chinamen, Wo Lee was a fatalist, and, his mind once made up, he did not hesitate. Stooping, he deliberately struck a match and applied it to the naphtha-soaked hangings. Then, as the room burst into a sheet of flame, he raised himself to his full height and his right hand, holding a long, glistening knife, rose and fell rapidly. The next instant he pitched forward onto the blazing couch.

* * * * *

That night a raging fire threatened for a time to engulf a large portion of San Francisco's Chinatown, although it was eventually subdued after a hard fight on the part of nearly a hundred firemen, who managed to confine the blaze to the block in which Ah Ty's dwelling was located. Next morning a careful search of the ruins revealed a number of charred bones and a twisted bit of steel, which caused the police to form the theory that Ah Ty was the victim of suicide.

THE FOURTH.

Beneath the flag our fathers gave
Their deeds we crown anew,
And brighter glow for freedom's stars
Upon our banner's blue;
Let old and young and rich and poor
Our standard raise on high,
And celebrate from shore to shore
Our proud Fourth of July.

Let Johnny march behind the drum,
And let the cannon boom,
To celebrate the time when men
Sent tyranny to doom;
Forever wave the flag they set
In Freedom's azure sky;
Hurrah! hurrah! from mount and plain
On this Fourth of July.

—T. C. Harbaugh.

Detective Grey's Coup

Or, THE HORN OF THE MOON

By J. W. Lincoln

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CHAPTER VII.

INTUITIVELY, Grey felt that the mystery at "The Horn of the Moon" and the communications sent to Ambler were interwoven with the bank case. For this moment he thought of telling the Comptroller of the strange happenings way up in the mountains, but the investigator's habit of obtaining information without giving any prevailed, and he exclaimed:

"Pearls have always interested me. I'm listening, Curry."

"That's better, Grey. More the way I like to hear you talk."

"As you can readily understand, we have kept close watch over all the Federal Reserve banks because, being new, we have expected swindles would be tried, and especially have we kept watch over the First, in New York.

"On Monday, my examiner dropped in at that bank just before closing time, and ordered all the commercial paper brought to him. You know bankers don't expect examiners at closing time, and that is when they put in any paper that is—well—out of the ordinary, taking them out day after day in the morning and replacing them at closing time.

"Among the first dozen notes, my man found one for half a million dollars, drawn for ninety days and by the Unique Jewelry Company, Ltd.

"Inquiry developed the fact that Mr. Haines, the president, had authorized the loan himself. So my man summoned him. As no bank official is bigger than a United States bank examiner, Mr. Haines appeared. He was in no pleasant mood, and declared, when shown the note, that the Unique Jewelry Co., Ltd., was a London and New York concern.

"Further questioning developed that the company was not a year old—in fact, Haines could not say just how long it had been in existence. Not liking the looks of things, my man ordered the banker to force immediate payment of the loan. This angered Mr. Haines, and after calling the examiner a busybody and threatening to 'break him,' he flatly refused to obey the order, on the ground that he had pearls in the vaults to double the value of the loan.

"My man demanded to see them, but the vault had been closed and the time lock was on. There was nothing to do but wait until morning, so my man ran through the rest of the paper, which all seemed satisfactory.

"The next morning, the examiner was on hand for the opening of the time lock. Sure enough, there were four bags, one of green, one of pink, one of blue, and the other of purple pearls, and magnificent they were.

"Mr. Haines, however, did not put in an appearance. You know that bank examiners are no respecters of persons, so when eleven o'clock came and the president did not, my man impounded the pearls and the note, caught the next train for Washington, and laid the matter before me.

"Naturally, I suspected the genuineness of the pearls, though they were beauties, in all truth. I sent to the customs department for a gem expert, aware that several were in the city for a conference with the Secretary of the Treasury. Three responded, one from New York, one from Chicago, and the third from San Francisco.

"When the two latter beheld the pearls, they cried out in wonder, declaring them to be counterparts of pearls they had been called upon to examine as security for commercial loans by banks in their respective cities!

"The presence of so many costly pearls perplexed the customs experts, and it soon developed that the depositors of the jewels in Chicago and San Francisco had said they were brought in through the port of New York, and had produced receipts for duty paid.

"Then there was the liveliest kind of a howdy-do! The New York expert declared that no such jewels had ever passed his customs house. So here was a gigantic smuggling case on top of my bank case—more than two million dollars' worth of pearls that had never paid a cent of duty!

"As the Chicago and San Francisco experts naturally did not know the depositors of the pearls in those cities, I wired the banks—to learn that they were security for loans on ninety-day notes issued by the Unique Jewelry Co., Ltd., the amounts being three quarters of a million in Chicago, and a million in San Francisco.

"I then wired banks broadcast, and found three others—one in New Orleans, one in San Antonio, and one in Seattle—which had loaned a quarter, a half, and a quarter of a million, respectively, on notes issued by the Unique Jewelry Co., Ltd., and secured by pearls which experts declared were worth double the amounts.

"Think of it, three and a quarter millions in good money, secured by seven and a half millions' worth of pearls, all but the New York ones declared to have been imported through the New York customs house and customs receipts shown therefor!

"Do you wonder I am sick of pearls?"

The words died on his lips.

Before Grey could comment upon the extraordinary narrative, the arrival of breakfast was announced. Hurriedly Curry disappeared into one of the other rooms, the meal was served, and Grey dismissed the waiter.

Allowing the Comptroller to wear the edge off his hunger, his host at last inquired: "Are the pearls genuine?"

"The three experts with whom I talked—and all the others for that matter—swore they were."

"H'm. How were the notes signed—just Unique Jewelry Co., Ltd.?"

"No. 'The Unique Jewlery Co., Ltd., by Felix Ambler, president.'"

CHAPTER VIII.

THE words caused Grey to spill his coffee.

"Forgeries!" he exclaimed.

Keenly the Comptroller searched his companion's face. "What do you mean?" he finally asked. "Haines told my examiner that he knew the president of the Unique Jewelry Co., Ltd. So he would naturally know whether or not the signature was genuine, wouldn't he? As he honored the note, that disposes of the forgery idea."

"H'm. Have you that note with you?"

In answer, Curry took out a bill fold attached to a chain, opened it, and handed a paper to his investigator. For several minutes Grey studied it, observing that it was on an ordinary blank note, such as can be obtained in blocks at any stationer's, then returned it, asking: "What do you wish me to do?"

"Go down to see Haines. Here is a card that will get you to him. See what you can worm out of him."

So startling had been the charge that his friend, Felix Ambler, the father of Helen, was the arch-conspirator behind the gigantic bank swindle and smuggling cases, that Grey welcomed this opportunity to have a few minutes to himself. Accordingly, he called a taxicab, then changed into other clothes, and in due course was whirled up to the imposing entrance of the First Federal Reserve Bank.

Dismissing the taxi, Grey entered the bank, asked for the president and presented to an attendant the Comptroller's card, which said: "Kindly give Mr. Humphrey Grey all the information in your possession concerning the Unique Jewelry Co., Ltd. Any questions you refuse to answer will be reported to me."

In a few minutes, a very superior young man appeared.

"Mr. Grey?" and he glanced from the card to the man waiting.

"Yes."

"I am sorry, but Mr. Haines is not at the bank."

"Where is he?"

"I—er—don't know. Good morn——"

"Just a minute," interrupted Grey. "You have read the Comptroller's card, something about Mr. Haines, or the Take me to some one who does know bank's affairs, the cashier, for instance."

Grey's manner and words had an effect upon the young bank man.

"Er—well, this is hardly the place for a discussion. Come into my room. This way."

"But why should I lose time with you? I should prefer to see the cashier." And the investigator started toward the room over which the word was emblazoned.

"Just a minute, please, Mr. Grey," persisted the young bank man. "I am Mr. Haines' confidential man—in fact, I am his son, Percival Haines."

"Indeed? I prefer, nevertheless, to talk with a responsible official of the bank."

As Grey had hoped, his words angered young Haines beyond all caution, and he snapped: "Father has gone to Norfolk Junction to interview a man who has borrowed heavily from the bank."

"Ah, you mean Felix Ambler?"

Young Haines started. "How did you know?" he gasped.

"All knowledge does not lie with bankers," smiled the investigator. "When did your father go?"

"This morning."

"Walking, I presume, as there is no train until four in the afternoon that goes to Norfolk Junction." Then his manner suddenly changed. "See here, Haines, I want you to stop lying to me," he snapped. "When did your father go?"

"Y—yesterday."

Just then an attendant handed the young bank man a telegram. Opening it, he perused it hurriedly, then held it out to Grey. It was brief:

"Norfolk Junction, N. H. To Percival Haines, First Federal Reserve Bank, New York City: Ambler arrested. Daughter missing.

"J. ARTHUR HAINES."

"Now do you believe me?" gloated the banker's son.

"Yes, thank you. Good day." And turning on his heel, the investigator hastened from the bank.

Calling a taxi, Grey gave an address and jumped in. Though the machine raced through side streets, it seemed to its occupant that it barely crawled, so eager was he to find Marchmont and then go to Mr. Ambler's aid—he dared not think what the words about Helen meant.

At length the taxi stopped. Bidding the driver wait, Grey dashed into the hotel where the aviator lived, almost running into him as Marchmont was coming out.

"Jove! This is luck," the investigator exclaimed. And without giving the aviator time to protest, he dragged him to the taxi, forced him inside, gave the driver another address, then joined his friend.

In as few words as possible, Grey explained the situation.

"Great! I've always wanted to solve a mystery," Marchmont laughed. "Let's see. It's two o'clock now. Your train leaves at four, you say, arriving at Norfolk Junction at five in the morning. I will get there some time this evening. Any message you wish me to give Ambler?"

"Better not try to see him—I don't believe they will let you. By the way, keep a close watch over your aeroplane. See you in the morning."

And as Marchmont gave an address to the chauffeur, Grey went to his rooms. As he opened the door, Curry greeted him jubilantly:

"Felix Ambler has confessed!"

CHAPTER IX.

LIKE a blow, the words staggered Grey; then his composure returned, and he demanded: "Confessed what?"

"Why—confessed that—that——" and the Comptroller stared blankly at his investigator, then sprang to the telephone, and almost roared the command to connect him with his office in Washington.

As he hung up the receiver, Curry passed his hand wearily across his forehead.

"I must be losing my mind," he said, more to himself than to Grey. "My secretary just said that Ambler had confessed and I was so relieved at the thought of getting free from those pearls that I——"

Just then the telephone rang, and the Comptroller was soon talking into it.

"Yes, yes. This is Curry. Jim, what did Ambler confess?" Came a few moments' silence, then the Comptroller exploded: "The telegram just said 'Ambler has confessed,' eh? Who sent it?—It was signed Nugent, S. S.? Who put the Secret Service on this case? Didn't I particularly instruct you to see the Secretary of the Treasury and tell him to keep off, that I would handle this case?—Oh, you did? All right. I shall be here at Grey's until 3:45. After that, you can reach me on the Mountain Express until five in the morning, when I shall be at Norfolk Junction. If you have occasion to wire me address me J. Herron and sign my name.—No, good-by."

Without comment the Comptroller hung up the receiver, waited a short time, then asked to be connected with the Secretary of the Treasury. When the connection was completed, Curry established his identity, then asked:

"Why did you put a Secret Service man on the pearl case when I especially asked you not to, Mr. Secretary?—What, you didn't? Did New York?—You gave them explicit orders to keep out of it? Would your man, Nugent have the nerve to take it up himself?—How's that? No such man as Nugent in the Secret Service? Mr. Secretary, some one is playing hocus-pocus with the most important parts of the United States Government.—What's that? I haven't time. See Jim, he knows how to reach me.—No, nothing more for the present than to emphasize your orders to the Secret Service to keep off. Good-by."

As he again hung up the receiver, the Comptroller seemed to have aged perceptibly. "To think that any one could put such a game over me!" he murmured. 'What do you make of it, Grey?"

"I want to see this 'Ambler,' first."

"Are you up a tree, too?"

"Theories are neither facts nor proof, Curry. And now, as it is three o'clock, I must make a few purchases. I'll call for you at 3:45. Be down at the door."

As Grey descended to the ground floor, he again sought the superintendent, requested him to keep some one on watch in his rooms night and day until he

should return, then hurried away to purchase a pair of binoculars, similar to those he had taken to Helen, and a jeweler's microscope.

At the hour appointed, he whirled up to the bachelor quarters, met the Comptroller, and in due course they were speeding on their way to Norfolk Junction, where they arrived without incident.

"How do we get to the jail?" asked Grey of the stationmaster, as they alighted from the express.

"More Secret Service men, eh?" smiled that worthy, eying them shrewdly. "It's down that street, straight ahead, two blocks, then turn to the left. You can't miss it. But you should have come sooner. Your man has vamoosed!"

"Ambler escaped?" cried Grey and the Comptroller together.

"Uhuh. 'Bout two o'clock, near as they can judge. I told Nugent he was a tricky crittur, but he only laughed. Now, I reckon, he's sorry he didn't listen to me."

CHAPTER X.

IN BLANK amazement, Curry stared at his Investigator when he heard the startling announcement, then set out on a run for the jail.

Grey, however, did not seem surprised. "You sure have some sense," he smiled at the stationmaster. "Where is Nugent?"

His already good opinion of himself increased by this praise from the keen, alert stranger, the man replied:

"He said he was going after Ambler. Came here and sent a message. It wasn't to Washington, like the other, which struck me as funny. I tried to question him, but a clam wasn't in it with him for close-mouthedness. Just snapped 'How much? Rush,' paid and went out. Somehow, I didn't cotton to him, and when he went out, I followed. Instead of going to the jail, or for an automobile to chase Ambler, he sneaked down the track, ducked between some freight cars, and I lost him. Don't that strike you as a funny way to look for a man who has a house only nine miles away, and full of secret hiding-places and tunnels?"

Grey had been minded to check the stationmaster several times. Each time, however, he had vouchsafed an interesting bit of information, but the last statement amazed him.

"How do you know Ambler has hiding-places and tunnels?" he demanded.

"From the men who worked on 'em. Oh, he's a cute one, Ambler is! Never would keep a man in one place more'n a week, so he couldn't tell where he was at."

"Know anything else about Ambler?"

"Nobody knows anything about him. Pays cash and is always tinkering in his workshop. Trying to discover the lost art of welding copper, he says. But I shouldn't be surprised if you found a counterfeiting outfit—if you can locate that workshop."

Realizing that he was now being regaled with countryside gossip, Grey said: "By the way, that message Nugent sent. I should like to see it."

Proud that he had been able to interest even a supposed Secret Service agent, the stationmaster offered not the slightest objection, led the way to his office, and spread the blank before Grey.

It was addressed to J. Curtis, Chicago; said "pusigijeht drowehtssap" and was signed "Nugent, S. S."

"Jove! What was that? Didn't you hear something?" Grey asked suddenly, turning toward the window and listening.

An instant the stationmaster hearkened, then rushed from the office.

Smiling, Grey copied the two combinations of letters, then went out to join the agent, who was just re-entering the station.

"Much obliged. See you later," said the Investigator. "I'm going over to the jail now."

Before he reached there, however, he met the Comptroller, returning.

"A plague on that Nugent!" he exploded. "Wouldn't let any one talk with Ambler or wait on him. Said he was a Federal prisoner, and told the chief of police that the whole thing was none of his business. The chief piqued, went home. Didn't know anything about the escape till he went to the jail, as usual, at four this morning. They don't have many prisoners in Norfolk Junction. The cell door was open, and Ambler and Nugent were gone.

"On his desk, he found a note from Nugent, which only said: 'Ambler escaped. Two o'clock. Gone after him. Nugent, S. S.' He also found, under his desk, a bill fold. In it was this paper: 'I, Felix Ambler, hereby confess that I have swindled the banks which have notes of the Unique Jewlery Co., Ltd. How, I leave them to find out. FELIX AMBLER.'"

"How does that signature compare with the one on the note you have?" queried Grey.

Despite the fact that they were on the street, in view of many curious eyes, the Comptroller produced the note and the two men compared the signatures.

"Identical!" asserted Curry.

"Clever plant!" commented his investigator.

"But it was the real Felix Ambler who was brought to the jail," protested the Comptroller, "the chief of police and others who know him recognized him!"

"I wonder where Marchmont is?" observed Grey, irrelevantly.

CHAPTER XI.

KNOWING from past experience that it was useless to try to get comment from Grey when he did not care to make it, the Comptroller replaced the note and confession in the bill fold and fell into step beside his investigator, who was starting toward a building bearing the sign "Evergreen Hotel."

After a hearty breakfast, Grey briefly related such of the stationmaster's information as referred to Nugent, and requested the Comptroller to take the necessary steps by telephone to put the Secret Service on the trail of J. Curtis, in Chicago, while he went to the jail.

Arrived, he quickly won the good will of the chief of police, obtained the note left by Nugent, and learned that he was a man of splendid build, swarthy, with hair of unusual blackness—"like Ambler's," as the chief expressed it—had black eyes, and was dressed in black clothes, black "sneakers," and a black cap. His voice was very low and soft.

"Chief," said Grey, suddenly, "are you a good man in a tight place, and can you keep your mouth shut?"

"Wall, I cal'late so—and ditto."

"Then I wish you would meet me at the Evergreen in half an hour, with the speediest automobile there is in Norfolk Junction. I am going over to Mr. Ambler's place, and I should like to feel that I have a man with me upon whom I can rely."

The compliment to his prowess and the thought that he was to have a hand in the case, after all, delighted the official, and he promised to be on hand to the minute.

Making his way back to the hotel, Grey went to a writing desk, took the paper containing the combinations copied from Nugent's telegram, and studied them. Trying various groupings without result, all at once, the letter "eht" at the end of the first combination caught his eyes, and he transposed them, getting the word "the." Then, like a flash, it came to him that the pseudo Secret Service man had merely resorted to transposition, and he quickly had the message: "The jig is up. Pass the word."

"Which confirms my belief that Nugent is the brains and head of the swindlers," he said to himself, as he arose and went in search of the Comptroller, whom he found talking with the hotel clerk.

"Have you had a Mr. Marchmont stopping here lately?" Grey inquired.

"He has been here. Came last night late, had supper, and left about midnight. Haven't seen him since."

Glad to know of his friend's safe arrival, yet puzzled by his failure to appear, the Investigator made casual inquiry as to whether any aeroplane had been seen in the neighborhood, to learn that none had. Just then the toot of an automobile horn told Grey that the chief of police had arrived, and obtaining an envelope from the clerk, he hurriedly scribbled on his card, "Bring your machine to Felix Ambler's estate," put it in the envelope, which he addressed to Marchmont, then requested the clerk to give it to the aviator, should he return.

"I'll drive," the Investigator announced, when they joined the chief, who gruffly dismissed the boy at the wheel, much to the latter's disappointment.

"And I'll sit beside you and tell you the way," declared the officer. But his directions were not needed, for, striking the State highway, Grey whirled up to the broad piazza of the Ambler house almost before the chief had caught his breath.

"Fastest I ever rode," he grunted.

"You'll have to fine yourself, chief," laughed the Comptroller. "What now, Grey?"

Before the latter could reply, a man in aviator's leathers ran around the corner of the house.

"Marchmont!" exclaimed the investigator. "Thank goodness. I was worried about you. How did you get here?"

"Chased another 'plane. Didn't fill my gas tank last night after arriving. Gas gave out, so I landed here. Funny place. Can't raise a soul. Dogs barking in the barn, though. Take me to the junction for gas, will you?"

On the point of refusal because of the aviator's statement concerning the silence of the house, Grey suddenly realized that the success of his plans might depend upon the aeroplane being ready for instant use, and he resumed his seat at the steering wheel.

"Want to go?" he asked the chief and the Comptroller.

"Not on your life—as I cal-late this time you are in a hurry," smiled the officer.

"Then, as you know the place, suppose you and Mr. Herron look about. We'll be right back."

"They sure will—unless something busts," commented the officer. "So, if you don't insist, we'll set down on the pyazzie and wait. I ain't much stuck on roaming this place myself—too many stories about spooky noises, tunnels, and shirring things you can't see." And he was recalling the Comptroller with the choicest of the gossip concerning Ambler when Grey and Marchmont returned.

"What did you find?" asked the former.

"Ain't had time to more'n find a match to light my pipe," grinned the officer.

Really glad that the others had attempted nothing during his absence, Grey suggested that they drive down to the field where Marchmont had left his aeroplane, and help him fill the tank. And when this had been done, he again suggested that the Comptroller and chief stay in the field and watch it.

"Keep a lookout, particularly, toward 'The Horn of the Moon,' he admonished, adding, with a significant look at the natives, "and have a gun where you can get it quickly."

Curry, however, was on the point of protesting, when his investigator signed to him to say nothing, then, accompanied by Marchmont, he made his way to the house.

When ringing of the doorbell, knocking, and calling evoked no response, Grey tried the door, preparatory to forcing it, to have it open, readily.

"Deuced queer business, this!" muttered the aviator. "Watch out, Hump!"

But the investigator was already striding through the livingroom. Suddenly he stopped. "Smell anything, March?" he asked.

"Yep. Sweet and——"

But Grey had toppled to the floor.

Stuffing a kerchief in his mouth, Marchmont leaped to his friend, seized him, and dragged him to the door, then he, too, collapsed. The fresh air, however, quickly revived them, and, sitting up, they stared at each other.

"Nice friends of yours, the Amblers," grunted the aviator. "What do you make of it?"

Without replying, the investigator got to his feet, put a kerchief in his mouth, bound another over his nose, then went about, opening the windows. Protecting himself in similar manner, Marchmont accompanied Grey from room to room, and helped let in the air.

"Funny house. Only door leading outside, that I've seen, is the front," he commented. "Always heard Ambler was a queer duck. This must be some of his Persian——" but the words died on his lips.

Grey had swung open a door leading into the kitchen, and there on chairs, heads on breasts, slouched two women and a man.

CHAPTER XII.

HASTILY opening windows and a door which led to the woodshed, the investigator shook one of the awesome figures.

'Don't abuse the dead—carry 'em out," admonished Marchmont, in a hushed voice. But when they attempted so to do, they found the servants limp, instead of rigid.

"Which proves that they are not dead," Grey exclaimed, with vast relief. "The air will revive them. Anyhow, we'll leave them outdoors while I go upstairs. Will you stay, and watch them?"

"Don't look as if they'd run away. You may need me."

Together the men re-entered the house, which the fresh air was fast ridding of the overpowering drug, and ascended the stairs.

Hastening to Helen's rooms, Grey remembered Haines' telegram to his son, and was not surprised when he did not find her. Search of the rooms revealed no trace of Ambler, and the Investigator took the way to the cupola whence they had watched the signaling. Not a thing of value was there in it—binoculars, guns, shells were gone.

As Grey gazed about him, his companion exclaimed: "Deuced big house to have so few rooms, Hump."

At the words, Grey recalled the feeling that had come to him as he had followed Ambler to his den, and then the gossip of the stationmaster flashed to his mind.

"You are right, Marchmont," he agreed. "Suppose you tap the walls while I go back to Helen's rooms again."

"Expect she has come in?"

"This is no time for frivol. As she isn't there, she must have been carried away—and she isn't the sort of girl who would go peacefully."

"Unless the dope got to her first."

"Granted. But you forget Felix Ambler and his daughter were familiar with the East, both with its beauties and it devilries. If either of them had smelled that odor, they would have known what to do."

"Great head, boy. You ought to be a detec-a-tive."

Grey, however, was too worried to banter, and carefully began to examine Helen's den. Nothing seemed disturbed. No telltale marks or fingerprints were there on doors or windows. For the third time he turned to her writing desk and began hopelessly to rummage through it. Suddenly a piece of onion paper fluttered to the floor.

Picking it up, Grey's hopes ran high, only to fall when he found no writing on it. Listlessly he placed it on a sheet of her blue correspondence paper. Then he started.

Against the blue background, he could see a faint tracery, and bending close, he read: "Ey—I hear—3 panels—stairs——"

Clutching the papers, the investigator sprang to his feet. "Quick, March, Helen's left me a note—of a sort. Evidently something frightened her, and she started to write me. Before she could tell me what it was, her abductors were upon her so she gave me such directions as she could." And he showed the aviator the hurriedly scribbled words.

"Plucky girl. What stairs, do you think?"

"We'll begin on the ground floor, main stairs. You work on the left side of the livingroom. Take the first panel opposite the first step of the stairs, and try three each way. I'll take the right side."

No urging did Marchmont need. But though they tapped all the panels, both upstairs and down, none yielded or sounded hollow. Through the house they worked, but the only panels near a stairway were in the livingroom.

Puzzled, the investigator was counting the panels, when there suddenly rent the air a startling shriek: 'Help! Murder! I'm killed!'

"One of the servants has come to," exclaimed Grey, and dashing from the house, they ran to where they had left the unconscious forms, to find one sitting up and screaming.

At the sight of Grey, the woman gave one wild whoop and collapsed again.

"Here, try this on her," and Marchmont handed over his flask.

Gently raising her head, Grey forced open her mouth and poured some of the brandy down her throat, causing her to gag and cough, which quickly brought her from her swoon.

"There, there, Maggie, don't be frightened!" he soothed. "I am Mr. Grey, who was here the other day. Don't you remember me?"

The effect of his words was a surprise to the investigator, however.

With a "The saints preserve yez!" the woman threw her arms about his neck and sobbed hysterically.

"Touching scene. Wish I had my kodak," grinned Marchmont.

Blushing furiously, Grey finally succeeded in freeing himself from the frantic and unwelcome embrace, and standing at a safe distance, began to question the servant.

Her story, pieced together, was that on a forenoon, she could not remember when, except that it was after Grey had gone, Mr. Haines had come to the house, leaving just before luncheon. Being waitress, she noticed that Miss Helen was crying during the meal and that Mr. Ambler was very pale.

Before they had finished luncheon, a "funny black man"—to use her words—had arrived, and Mr. Ambler had gone away with him. Early in the evening, Mr. Ambler had returned and gone directly to his den.

She and the other servants had been on the point of retiring—which was the last she remembered until she found herself out in the backyard, with Minnie and Dan unconscious beside her.

Allowing the woman to refresh herself from the flask, Grey suddenly asked: "Where is the entrance to Mr. Ambler's den?"

"Under the stairs somewhere, sir."

Leaving the servant without more ado, the investigator dashed into the house, followed by Marchmont.

A rare rug covered the floor beneath the stairs. Jerking it aside, the two men were surprised to find that the floor was paneled in all directions. Dropping to his hands and knees, Grey was testing each panel when he suddenly disappeared.

In amazement Marchmont stared into the pitch of darkness, not noticing that the panel was returning to place until

How To Gain Flesh.

A simple but sure way to increase the weight, it is asserted by several well known physicians, is to take regularly for several months, one or two 5 grain hypo-nuclane tablets after each meal. These little tablets have the distinguished merit of increasing the red and white blood corpuscles, aiding digestion and promoting assimilation and absorption of the elements in the food which go to make blood and solid tissues. They are obtainable in sealed packages. If unable to purchase hypo-nuclane tablets from your dealer, send 90c to the Blackburn Products Co., Dayton, Ohio.

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it had almost closed. Frantically he thrust out his foot, and managed to insert the heel of his boot in the opening just in time to hold it, then slowly forced the panel back.

Peering anxiously into the aperture, the aviator was relieved to hear Grey call: "Come down, Marchmont. It's all right. There are lights here."

Obeying, the aviator let himself down, his feet, to his surprise, striking stairs which made a sharp turn, disclosing a narrow passage dimly lighted by tiny electric lamps.

Hurrying along the tunnel, the two men came to a door before which hung one of the lamps. Turning the knob, Grey opened the door, then halted on the threshold.

Seated at his writing table, the Damascene steel box beside him, was Felix Ambler—but the glassiness of his eyes proclaimed him dead.

Next week's Ledger will contain the concluding chapters of this remarkable story. You will miss a great treat if you do not read it to the end. We will give you constantly the very best stories of entertainment that money will buy, so send in your subscription and take the Ledger regularly, if you are not doing so. You will not regret it.

Dorothy Dayne, Rebel

(Continued from page three.)

liberty—perhaps."

Before the white-faced girl could draw another breath, she saw a figure at her side, the masked figure of one of her own sex.

"Unhand the girl!" cried a voice, stern, though it emanated from a woman. "Unhand her, I say!" and out from beneath a cloak leaped a pistol which was thrust into the dragoon's face.

Simcoe's grip loosened.

"A precious wretch you are to touch a girl like this!" cried the Unknown, and as Dorothy was jerked away, she heard the same voice, though in lower tones, at her ear.

"Just in the nick of time, my dear. I am La Belle Lanore!"

The continuation of this highly interesting story will be found in the Ledger issue of next week. Read it. If you are not a regular subscriber to the Ledger we would like to have your name on our list. The Ledger is only $1.00 per year.

THE FOURTH OF JULY.

To the sages who spoke, to the heroes who bled,
To the day and the deed, strike the harp strings of glory!
Let the tongue of the ransomed remember the dead,
And the tongue of the eloquent hallow the story!
O'er the bones of the bold
Be the story told,
And on fame's golden tablets their triumphs enrolled
Who on freedom's green hills freedom's banner unfurled,
And the beacon fire raised that gave light to the world!

They are gone—mighty men!—and they sleep in their fame;
Shall we ever forget them? Oh never! no never!
Let our sons learn from us to embalm each great name,
And the anthem send down—"Independence forever!"
Wake, wake, heart and tongue!
Keep the theme ever young;
Let their deeds through the long line of ages be sung
Who on freedom's green hills freedom's banner unfurled,
And the beacon fire raised that gave light to the world!

—Charles Sprague.

THE ODD JOB MAN.

I suppose, Hallie, you had a wonderful time out at Wayside," said Jane when she met her very much tanned and sunburned friend in the department store.

"Yes, it was wonderful—in some ways. Just a little too wonderful."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, at first it seemed as if my visit wouldn't be very exciting, for Ellen and I were alone most of the time, as Harry goes out there only for the week ends, and there appeared to be no other men on the horizon. But Ellen is much interested in her little place and I enjoyed helping her weed the garden and pick flowers.

"One morning when she had driven over to the village to market I decided to explore the road west of Wayside. I had noticed that whenever Ellen and I went out for a walk or a drive we avoided that turn of the road, and I had a mild curiosity to see what lay beyond the thick woods through which it ran. I was surprised to find a little gem of a summer home hidden among the trees, for Ellen had never mentioned having such near neighbors.

"A man was mowing the grass and it occurred to me that it would be a fine thing to hire him to cut Ellen's lawn, as she had been bemoaning the fact that she hadn't been able to find a man or a boy to do a bit of work around the place. So I asked him if he was regularly employed there.

"'No, just off and on,' he answered, so pleasantly that I was encouraged to inquire if he would do a little job of grass cutting for me.

"'Delighted,' he answered.

"I confess I was a trifle startled, but I remembered the quaint little stories Ellen had told me of the naive country people, and I told him I would be willing to pay him well to cut the grass that morning.

"He walked home with me and before Ellen returned the lawn had been clipped in fine style.

"'How much do I owe you?' I asked him.

"'Oh, I don't know. Haven't you some other work I can do? I'm quite an artist with the hoe.'

"I knew that Ellen's little vegetable patch needed hoeing, so I told him to come back in the afternoon and perhaps my friend would employ him. Ellen was charmed to find the grass cut and she said she would be glad to get a lot of odd jobs done about the place.

"Of course, Hallie, when he came back Ellen recognized him at once as the gilded youth of the neighborhood," said Jane. "That's the conventional climax."

"On the contrary, she had never seen him before, and she was tremendously glad to get him to put the place in order. This he did, coming every day for a few hours.

"Friday evening when we were driving to the station to meet Harry, old Dolly was pleased to put on skittish airs as we met a big automobile. I was glad when the car stopped and a young man jumped out and took Dolly by the bridle to lead her past the machine. Imagine my astonishment to see in the well-dressed person our odd-job man! He smiled as he caught my eye and Ellen flushed furiously and bowed very distantly to the people in the car as we passed.

"'Hallie,' she said tragically, 'that man is something to the Blakelys. How perfectly awful!'

"'Why awful?' I asked. 'Perhaps he's their chauffeur.'

"'No, he isn't, and even if he were it wouldn't relieve the situation much. You see, when we first came here the surveyors made some mistake and Harry and Mr. Blakely got into a quarrel about our line and though the dispute was settled we've never become friends. I don't know what Harry will say when he finds that we've actually been hiring a guest of the Blakelys to work on our place.'

"'At any rate, we haven't paid him yet,' I laughed.

"Ellen, however, looked so vexed that I felt chagrined at having plunged her into a situation which she so poorly relished. Harry looked glum, too, when he heard about it, and I went to bed that night feeling that if I could think of any excuse I'd go away. But the next morning Mr. Blakely and our odd-job man called. And the odd-job man—whose name turned out to be Blakely Grant—explained that he had arrived from the South at his cousin's home while they were away for a few days, and when I asked him to do a little grass cutting he thought it would be a harmless lark to hire out to the neighbors of his relatives. So, he said, if there was any embarrassment about the matter it was all his fault.

"Mr. Blakely then said he didn't know why there should be any embarrassment—that he'd greatly like to be neighborly. So Harry offered his hand and then Ellen, with tears in her eyes, asked them all to try her currant wine. Mr. Blakely said his wife made dandelion wine and that we must all come over that afternoon and have some."

"And you, Hallie, were, of course, the heroine of the occasion," laughed Jane. "Do tell me how far the affair has progressed."

"Oh, not so very far, but Mr. Grant is coming to town this week, and I am planning to get something a little different to wear. Won't you help me choose a frock?"

Our National Song.

"The Star Spangled Banner" and the bombardment of Fort McHenry are inseparably associated. The bombardment had commenced. A little vessel guided by Francis Scott Key shot out from beneath Fort McHenry's great guns. He hoped to rescue a friend who had been taken prisoner, but he soon found himself a prisoner. His boat was kept astern of the great Admiral's flagship. He heard the steady cannonading on the shore; he saw the heavy clouds roll over the waters, and he watched the lingering sunbeams of that thirteenth of September fade away. How anxiously he watched the dim twinkling light from Fort McHenry. How anxiously he watched the preparation for the onslaught; the clearing of the decks; the furling of the canvas, and the ranging of the guns.

The lines of iron soon sent forth their streams of death and destruction. Globes of fire cast lurid gleams upon the inky clouds; while, below, the waves, like sheets of flame, rose and fell; the air was one blaze of light; falling timbers, havoc, din, and consternation were everywhere.

Through the long and terrible night, Key watched intently the rolling floods of flame. Heaven, earth, and sea flashed fire and our country seemed on the verge of ruin. At last the roar ceased; the fire lessened; the din subsided; all was dark and quiet. Oh, was the flag still there? It was an hour of agony. Key waited and watched for the first gray beams of the dawn. The early light crept higher; the mist cleared; with straining eyes, he saw still waving from the ramparts the dear Stars and Stripes. Snatching an old letter from his pocket, he laid it upon a piece of wood and with his young hand still trembling with feverish excitement, he wrote:

"O say, can you see by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed in the twilight's last gleaming;
Whose broad stripes and bright stars through the perilous fight,
O'er ramparts we watched were so gallantly streaming?
And the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there.
O say, does the Star Spangled Banner still wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?"

A Woman's Thanks.

It was after dark and the French baker was about to close his shop, when the telephone bell rang.

"Mr. Ovens?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"This is Mrs. Jimley of Hickorynut street."

"Yes, Mrs. Jimley."

"I am giving a supper tonight and I discover that I need half a dozen more rolls. Could I trouble you to send them over."

"I'm sorry, ma'am, but I haven't a roll left in the store, not even a loaf of bread. We are sold clear out to night."

"This is very provoking," said Mrs. Jimley. "Are you sure you haven't anything that would do?"

"There isn't a thing in the place that I would care to sell you, ma'am. Hold on, though, there's a half-dozen fresh rolls on my own supper table right now. I could let you have those, if you think they would do. My kids can eat crackers instead; they'd rather, anyway."

"Those will do very nicely, Mr. Ovens. Will you send them over soon, please?"

"Right away, ma'am. The boy has gone for the night, but I'll take them to you myself."

In a minute or two he stood on her front steps ringing the bell and feeling well pleased with himself that he could do some one a kindness.

Mrs. Jimley opened the door and took the package from his hands. Then she said, in icy tones:

"The next time you bring any goods here, Mr. Ovens, I wish you would remember to ring the basement bell. I can't have tradesmen coming to the front door."

One Exception.

A certain well-known scientist in Washington was left in charge of his family of small children, as his wife expected to be absent some hours. Upon her return in the early evening she found the house unusually quiet, and wished to know what had become of the children.

The husband explained that as they had been rather noisy, he himself had put them to bed without waiting for her return.

"I hope they gave you no trouble," she said.

"No," replied the scientist, "with the exception of the one in the cot there. He objected a good deal to my undressing him and putting him to bed."

The wife went to inspect the cot.

"Why," she exclaimed, "that's little Sammy from next door!"

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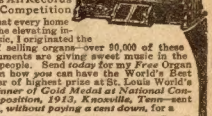

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Facing Mexican Perils

- - - Or, - - -

The Prisoner of Castle La Garcia

By Lucius Withers

He realized his mistake.

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CHAPTER XXV.

AS SHE flung on her clothes, Constance could hear old Ruiz expostulating with the soldiers at the front door. From the sound of the footsteps of the Senora Ruiz, which came to the American girl, she judged that the woman was oscillating up and down the hallway in a panic of fright. She also heard sounds from the next room, where the other members of her party were engaged in dressing hurriedly.

By remarkable good luck, Ruiz succeeded in convincing the soldiers that only he and his wife were in the house. The soldiers were making a house to house search, following the explosions at the castle. After a brief parley, the militia withdrew. Constance could hear them tramping away from the front door and out along the street. A moment later the Senora Ruiz, much relieved, but still showing evidences of her fright, entered to tell Constance of the departure of the soldiers. The other members of the party seemed to have been notified by Ruiz, for they quieted down, and silence and sleep fell once more upon the house.

Promptly at the hour set for its arrival, the next morning, a load of hay was driven to the back door of the Ruiz home. It was a tremendous load, and the reporter gazed at it with approbation, thinking that it was large enough to conceal a regiment.

A short time before the arrival of the loaded wagon, and while they were all at breakfast, Wilson had explained to Constance the change in plans by which Pedro was to remain in the capital and search for the girl's father and mother, while his father was to accompany them as a guide. At first Constance wished to remain in the city until her parents were either found or definitely proved dead. But few words, however, were necessary to convince her of the foolhardiness of such a course.

Less than five minutes after the wagon had been halted at the house, Constance, Wilson and Pedro's father, Gomez Zantillo, were safely concealed under the heavy piles. The party was well supplied with food, which Ruiz had purchased for them near his home very early that morning.

The leave-taking between Constance and Pedro was a touching one. The girl knew that perhaps on the efforts of this Mexican peon and Marvin Dannett depended the life and death of her father and mother.

Going up to the faithful servant, she laid her hand on his arm, saying:

"Pedro, your loyalty to us has been great. You have risked your life over and over again in our behalf. If you come safely out of the ordeal your reward will be great."

And Pedro, bowing low before the beautiful girl, answered:

"Senorita Constance, your father was kind to me all the days that I was in his service. Likewise was the senora kind to me, and you, also, senorita. Pedro Zantillo were but a poor man did he not feel grateful."

According to the plan made by the reporter, the driver of the wagon was to convey them to a spot ten or a dozen miles east of the capital and on the Mexican railroad. There he would give the wagon over to the three refugees, and himself return to the city, while Wilson, the girl, and their guide would continue toward Vera Cruz, with Zantillo driving and the others concealed in the hay.

The drive to the edge of the city was a comparatively smooth one, but once off the streets, the two refugees, despite their generous cushioning of hay, learned that overland traveling in Mexico had its disadvantages. Three hours along the country roads, and the driver drew the wagon to a halt. He crawled down and notified those in the hay that he would leave them. Zantillo took the reins.

The reporter and the girl whom he had rescued now felt that they could ride unconcealed for a time, so they crawled from their hiding-place and ensconced themselves on top of the load. They felt that should they learn of the imminence of enemies, they might flatten themselves on top of the load or burrow down into the hay. The party rode thus for several hours. Wilson and Constance soon found themselves deep in conversation, and, strange to say, they did not speak of the dangers which confronted them and would continue to bar their paths until they found safety in Vera Cruz, but of the past.

Constance learned that the young man who had braved so many dangers to come to her aid had been born and brought up in one of the smaller Western towns which dot the great corn belt, that his father had been a lawyer, and that the reporter himself had had to struggle to gain a footing in the world after completing his education at the big university which is situated in Chicago. As a matter of fact, young Wilson's father had lived in a town where fat fees were few and far between, and the son had worked his way through college. Then, through the influence of one of his university friends, he had been given a chance on one of the big papers.

Strange to say, judging by the lights of contemporary fiction, Wilson had not made an immediate success on the job. In fact, he was discharged from about half a dozen reportorial positions before he learned enough about the work to enable him to stick. It is easy enough to record the fact that a youth secured and lost six positions. It is quite another matter to win and lose them. Men must eat and sleep when they are out of work as well as when they are in. If they do not, they suffer. Wilson suffered considerably between jobs, but the experience toughened him. Then he was taken on the Clarion-Intelligencer staff. In some manner he had caught the fancy of the city editor of the paper, and though there had been various occasions when he should have been released from his position, the city editor refused to let the young man go. After a while the boy began to learn things. Then he began to do things. Rapidly he came to be considered the second best reporter on the paper.

Some of these things Wilson told to Constance, as the two jolted along the rough Mexican road, and the girl came to realize that, after all, taking into consideration the reporter's experience of life, it was not so wonderful that he was fearless in the face of danger. His life had been such as to make him fearless and to strengthen the gambling instinct in him.

Constance, on her side, told the reporter something of her own life. It was far less dramatic and episodic than that of Wilson, but it was interesting to the youth, in that it was the life of the girl who seemed to be the most beautiful woman that he had ever seen.

Constance related to the reporter that she had been born in New York City at a time when her father, John K. Clemmins, had been employed as a broker's clerk in Wall street. In the girl's tenth year her father's physicians had told him that if he did not take his wife out of the city she would not live two years. Clemmins was fortunate in securing a minor clerical position with one of the big mining companies operating in Mexico. That had been ten years ago. He had saved from his earnings until he was enabled to begin prospecting for himself. Luck was with him. Most of Constance's life since her tenth year had been passed in Mexico, though there had been occasional visits back to the States to see friends. However, these visits had not been numerous, as neither the girl's father nor mother had relatives. Constance had been educated in an English school in the Mexican capital.

As the girl told of her past life, a life that until a few short weeks ago had been one of remarkable ease and luxury, and when he remembered that she was the heir to all of her father's millions, there grew up in the reporter a great despair, for he had come to love her. In fact, the young man realized now that he had loved her from the first moment that he had seen her.

And what of the thoughts of Constance? Who knows? The way of a maid with a man is inscrutable. Candidly, the girl admitted that she liked the young man's mouth and eyes, but whether she found the sound of his voice pleasant to her ears, or whether his touch thrilled her, or whether, looking upon him, she said to herself, "Here is a man after the heart of any real woman," she gave no sign. Nor did the young man seek for signs. He felt that Constance was too remotely placed for him ever to essay to reach her.

More than once during the first hours of their journey back along the old Aztec highway toward Vera Cruz, the girl spoke of her father and mother. Always her thoughts came back to them, and she inwardly prayed that Pedro's quest would be successful.

Zantillo drove steadily forward, save for brief rests given the horses now and then. It was the reporter's purpose to expedite the return trip to Vera Cruz as much as possible, for he was imbued with the thought of getting Constance out of Mexico as quickly as it could be done. Wilson knew that the passage of each day saw the relations between the United States and Mexico more strained.

The traveling was not uncomfortable, except for the rough road and attendant jolting. The capital of Mexico and its surrounding country are on high ground and in a temperate climate, popular opinion to the contrary, so the June day was not too warm for the Americans to enjoy somewhat the out-of-doors experience. Particularly was this enjoyable to the girl who had been held in prison for so many weeks.

If Constance and the reporter as they drove along talked much, such was not the case with their driver and guide. Zantillo kept silent, with his eyes ever shifting along the road ahead of him and about the fields on either side. The old man knew, and for that matter so did the reporter, that they were liable to meet enemies around almost any bend of the road. Wilson had had this contingency in mind when he chose that load of hay. The reporter had known that animal forage was plentiful in Mexico, and that it was unlikely that the hay would be confiscated by any band that they might meet on their journey.

It was just before the noon hour, and the wagon was jolting heavily along. Wilson and Constance were deeply engaged in talk. Probably for the fifteenth time that morning the girl had reverted to the probability of Pedro finding her father and mother.

"Oh, Mr. Wilson," she was saying, "don't you think it is quite possible that they are alive and unhurt?" And Wilson for probably the fifteenth time was answering, "Yes, indeed, quite possible, Miss Clemmins," when old Zantillo called to them over his shoulder, "Have a care!"

Wilson and the girl looked up and glanced along the road ahead.

That morning the wagon had passed many persons, but they had all been either alone or in pairs. As soon as the reporter looked down that road in answer to the driver's warning, he knew that they would soon meet a military band of some sort, or a large band of refugees, making haste to reach the City of Mexico. He ordered Zantillo to halt the team, while he and the girl slid from the top of the load of hay and burrowed into their hiding-places. The Mexican then urged the horses, and the wagon again got under way.

Ten minutes later the reporter felt the wagon stop. Out in the road he could hear a jumble of voices, but under the thick covering he could not distinguish the words. The young man experienced trouble in breathing. Cautiously he ran a hand outward to make an airhole. Then he heard some one asking old Zantillo the distance to the capital. The voice was that of an American, but the reporter did not wish to run the risk of being discovered. He knew that in Mexico at this time there were many American adventurers who were as dangerous as the natives, so he kept silent. The voices outside ceased speaking, and the wagon again started forward.

CHAPTER XXVI.

WILSON and the girl had burrowed into the hay side by side. When the murmur of voices had sounded outside, Constance slipped one of her hands into that of the young American. It had been quite a natural action of the girl under the circumstances, for she was badly frightened, yet it sent the blood bounding and racing through the reporter's body. So warm was that little hand—so warm and soft and yielding! It was not in the least like the imperious hand of an heiress to many millions. And Wilson's fingers had closed over it with a firm, sure grasp of masculine mastery, until he felt the pulsations of blood in the girl's fingertips. The man yearned to reach out and draw the soft, warm body of the girl close to him, and to put his lips to her lips, but he stifled his desire almost at the same instant that it was born, and only held tightly to her hand. As long as he held it, it seemed to the reporter that a new bond had been established between him and the beautiful girl, but immediately after they had emerged from their hiding, Constance seemed to have forgotten the unusual familiarity, and though the memory was sweet in the reporter's mind,

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he was too much the gentleman to attempt to remind her of the incident.

That night the party camped in a little grove of cottonwoods. Early the next day they resumed their way. Throughout the morning and for a part of the afternoon they traveled unmolested. It was about the middle of the afternoon when they heard the clattering of hoofs behind them. The five horsemen who composed the party had galloped up behind the wagon so suddenly that neither Wilson nor the girl had time to hide themselves. All of the men were clad in that polyglot dress which passes for a military uniform in the so-called Southern republic.

"Halt!" called he who seemed to be the leader of the party.

"Whip up your horses!" cried Wilson over his shoulder to old Zantillo. Pedro's father scourged the animals into a run.

The reporter saw two of the Mexicans reaching back to unloose their carbines from where they were tied to the backs of their saddles.

"Get down into the hay," he said to Constance.

But a look of determined resolution came into the girl's face. Instead of obeying the command, she said, "Give me one of your pistols."

It was no time for parley. With a swift movement the American handed Constance a revolver which he jerked from one of the holsters at his hip.

At that moment one of the pursuers succeeded in releasing his carbine. He brought it to his shoulder and fired, missing. The fraction of a second later Constance's pistol talked. Some one, in the past, had taught the girl the art of shooting a revolver, for one of the Mexicans toppled in his saddle, and would have fallen into the dust of the road had not one of his companions ridden up and supported him. Another of the pursuers fired. This time his aim was better, and a bullet whizzed perilously close to the reporter's head. Constance fired several times ineffectually, because of the heavy joggling of the wagon, which was dragged precipitously along the uneven road. The Mexicans were shouting and firing all together. Luckily their marksmanship was exceedingly poor. The reporter was shooting out blindly, as the party was almost upon them. The leader of the band rode up so close that his mount's nose almost touched the back of the bobbing wagon. He started to fire his carbine from his hip. Wilson discharged his pistol point-blank in the Mexican's face. The fat became a horribly spatter of blood. At the same instant Constance hit one of the other men. He cried out sharply and fell from his horse. Only two of the pursuers were left untouched. These two halted to give aid to their injured. The wagon bounded on. Wilson and the girl saw from their points of vantage in the hay that the leader of the party was dead.

Zantillo drove the horses with undiminished speed for probably a mile farther. Then, because the animals showed signs of extreme fatigue, and because the Mexicans pursued them no longer, he drew them in. A little later, when Zantillo and Wilson had assured themselves that the others had given up all thought of chase, the party halted that the animals might have a good rest. They stopped for a good thirty minutes, and then resumed the journey.

As they drove along, Zantillo spoke to Constance in the Mexican tongue. "Senorita," he said, "tonight it will be necessary for us to camp out of doors again, but tomorrow night, by making a slight detour, we can come to Cordoba and pass the night there, if you and the senor so desire. But recently a friend of mine removed from the capital to Cordoba. He, I am sure, will give us shelter and entertainment for the night, and he is a man to be trusted implicitly."

Constance told Wilson what the old man had said, and the reporter pondered his words for a few moments. The newspaper man had wished to see Cordoba when he and Pedro had traveled to the capital, but he had felt then that time was too valuable. Now that he had got Constance out of the Castle La Garcia and well upon her way to Vera Cruz, he wondered whether or not it would be disastrous to stop over for one night in the picturesque old city nestled close under the snow-capped Mount Orizaba. The young man concluded that if the detour would consume more than a few hours, he would not stop in Cordoba. He requested Constance to ask Zantillo how much time they would lose in going by the changed route.

"Not more than six hours," answered Pedro's father.

"Then we will go by Cordoba," said Wilson to the girl, who conveyed this information to Zantillo.

It seemed to please the old man mightily, for the Mexican is famed for his love of ease. Sleeping out under the stars may be considered a privilege by many, but the Mexican, be he peon or wealthy landlord, is not on the list. He can linger late under the stars with his cigarette and coffee, but when bedtime comes, he craves a roof and enough of four walls to keep out mosquitoes. Those who have been bitten by mosquitoes in Mexico do not blame the Mexican for his antipathy toward out-of-door slumber.

The members of the party continued steadily on their way until sunset. The scenery through which they were passing was of remarkable beauty. The mountains seemed, in a wild disarray, ambitious of lifting their white-capped tops to touch the blue of the sky. Cooling breezes blew about among tumbled peaks and made spindrift of countless little waterfalls which churned whitely upon cool brown rocks. Sometimes, looking upward, Wilson and the girl glimpsed clinging about the sheer points of the mountains a gossamer haze, which spread a softness over the skies and about the deep valleys, ravinelike in their tininess. The same thought came to both of the Americans at once.

How could a people, possessing a land in which such beauties were to be found, spend their time in rapine, bloodshed, and a mad scramble for little temporary political power? Could these people have got in touch with the Great Spirit of Natural Things, the great spirit which lurked all about this wonderfully beautiful earth and air? Then they both remembered that it is not the natural man who has deepest reverence for Nature, but her sons who have been denied or who have progressed along the upward way far enough to read meanings in her complex subtleties.

"The Indian and all other aboriginal races worship Nature, but they woo her and worship simply that she may give them strength to slay," mused the reporter, and he yearned that a great poet might arise among this warring people to give them the message of peace, and point out the way of sane self-government wherein the powerful might not trample on the weak. Then the reporter thought of his own land and was ashamed. His mind confronted a blank wall.

"We have advanced, we have spawned great poets, and still the overlords trample the people," he thought. "But then maybe we ourselves have not progressed far enough; perhaps the whole world is on the edge of newer and more splendid things."

This last thought comforted the young journalist. He and Constance fell to talking of the things which were in their minds, and the low, musical voice of the girl soothed Wilson's troubled spirit. They talked for several hours, until Zantillo drew the team up under a grove of tall trees, whereupon they pitched camp and slept.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE travelers toward Vera Cruz reached Cordoba the next morning several hours before noon. Before they entered the precincts of the city, Wilson and the girl again ensconced themselves in the hay, and did not emerge until Pedro's father drew up his team in the rear of the house of his friend. A few words of explanation from Zantillo, and his friend, whose name proved to be Ruy Espanillo, welcomed the members of the party into his home. The horses were stalled and fed by Espanillo's son, a strapping young Mexican, who towered head and shoulders above his father. After this the three visitors were seated at the midday meal of their host, whose family consisted only of Espanillo, his wife, and their son.

During the meal Constance and the reporter learned that Cordoba had been but lightly touched by the warfare which had prostrated Mexico for so many months. Throughout the hostilities the city had switched its allegiance comfortably from one party to another. Whichever party or man ruled the capital ruled Cordoba, and the town was too deeply set within the Government lines to be besieged. Moreover, it was well garrisoned, and that precluded depredations from Colorado bands. Constance and Wilson were eager to make a sight-seeing tour of the town. It was one of the few places in Mexico which the girl had never visited, and as Pedro's recital as to the city's picturesqueness had piqued the reporter's curiosity Zantillo and the host agreed that they believed that such a trip could be made without danger, provided that one or the other or both of them accompanied the Americans.

"For," explained Espanillo, "there is some feeling in the city against Americans because of the seizure of Vera Cruz."

Probably the two natives were correct when they declared that the trip could have been made safely if Constance and the reporter had been accompanied by Mexicans. However that may be, the young man and the girl wished heartily before night fell that they had followed the advice of the two old men.

Immediately after dinner Wilson suggested that they start out at once. The afternoon was coolly pleasant, and the wide, tree-lined streets, which threw dense shade across the thoroughfares, seemed inviting to the young man. However, had he been more familiar with the customs of the country, the reporter would never have talked of going on the tour immediately after the serving of dinner. Wilson would have known that no native Mexican ever foregoes his siesta, unless it be a case of sickness or death, and sometimes even death has to wait on the siesta.

Constance, however, told the reporter that it would be useless to urge the two Mexicans to accompany them until they had indulged in their afternoon naps. Filled with abounding life, eager, active, and restless, Wilson, for once since he had undertaken this hazardous enterprise, cast discretion to the winds, and begged Constance to make the rounds with him immediately. In the light of her recent experience it would have seemed that Constance would have demurred, and that she would have attempted to dissuade her companion from his foolhardy plan. But youth is famed for doing desperately foolish things. Sometimes these desperately foolish things reach the sublime and the world coins a new hero, but oftener they end in disaster, and society only points the finger of scorn at another deluded fool.

Whatever were the reasons that prompted Constance to accept the proposition with alacrity, she did so accept it. Perhaps a certain little blind and shamelessly naked god, whose weapons are a bow and a quiver, had a finger in the working out of the madcap adventure.

As soon as Espanillo, Pedro's father, and the members of the Espanillo household were asleep, the two young Americans left the house. For all of their foolhardiness, they were careful enough to arm themselves before going out. Constance also had sufficient forethought to throw a Mexican mantilla, which she found in the hallway, over her head. When the pair went out into the street, any casual observer would have sworn that they were any one of the four or five thousand young Mexican couples who populated Cordoba.

They walked for several blocks along the quiet streets. A few persons they met loitering lazily along, evidently in ill humor because of pressing business which kept them from their afternoon slumbers. The pair walked on out of the residential section of the city and neared that section wherein are set the tiny shops which display in little streaked windows fashions that have been out of date in the States for four or five years. A few shopkeepers sat nodding in front of the entrances to their places of business. Constance had carefully kept her face covered by the mantilla, which she drew up about her eyes. She now made several purchases of trinkets and curios from the shopkeepers, who seemed burdened with a vast fatigue, and then the pair started for that section of the city which lay on the opposite side of the town from the home where they were stopping. As they passed along, they saw a little knot of gaudily uniformed soldiers from the garrison. Just as the pair came close to the soldiers, the reporter looked down one of the cross streets. The sight that met his gaze were those to stir the blood. Far, far out beyond the environs of the town, and set above a tier of little foothills, Mount Orizaba, capped and splendid, lifted itself from the world toward heaven.

"Look, look, Miss Clemmins, look!" cried the reporter.

In an instant the young man realized his fatal mistake. The knot of soldiers whirled in their tracks.

"Americanos!" they cried in a chorus, and began running toward the two Americans.

Wilson reached out and grasped Constance by the wrist. Dragging her along, he raced back along the way he had come. But the soldiers were close upon him. The young man knew that their chances for escape were about one in a thousand.

Next week's Ledger will contain the concluding chapters of this remarkable story. You will miss a great treat if you do not read it to the end. We will give you constantly the very best stories of entertainment that money will buy, so send in your subscription and take the Ledger regularly, if you are not doing so. You will not regret it.

To Allay Suspicion.

Chemist's Assistant—"Good gracious! I have kept that woman waiting for half an hour. I forgot all about her prescription."

Chemist—"You will have to charge her a good price in order to make her think you had a lot of trouble in mixing it up."

BUST DEVELOPED ONE OUNCE A DAY

A New Simple Easy Home Method That Gives Quick And Permanent Success

Judge from my picture as to the truth of what I say to you—that the crowning feminine attribute is a bust of beautiful proportions, firmness and exquisite development. Then ask yourself how much you would like to have such a photograph of yourself, showing the glory of womanhood with its lines of infinite charm and grace. It would be worth far more than a two-cent stamp, would it not? Then let me give you my message—let me tell you of what I have learned and let me give you recent pictures of myself to prove what I say—for if you will write me today

I WILL TELL YOU HOW FREE

I will tell you gladly and willingly. Why should any woman neglect an opportunity to escape the pain and heartache of being skinny, scrawny, angular and un-attractive in body? Misery is not our heritage. Nature planned that you—a woman—should have the rich, pulsing lines of warm, living flesh molded after the mother of us all, the description of whom perfumes our sacred literature with love and admiration for the divinity of woman's form. For why should there be that pitiful aspect—the face of a woman and the form of a man.

WRITE TO ME TODAY

I don't care how fallen, or flaccid, or undeveloped your bust now is, I want to tell you of a simple home method—I want to tell you how you can gain perfect development one ounce a day. No physical culture—no massage, foolish baths or paste—no plasters, masks or injurious injections—I want to tell you of an absolutely new method, never before offered or told about—insuring immediate success and permanent beauty.

SEND NO MONEY

Just write me a letter—address it to me personally—that's all. I will answer it by return mail—and you can develop your bust one ounce a day—you can be what you want to be. Believe me when I say that you will bless me through years of happiness for pointing the way to you and telling you what I know. Please send your letter today to the following address:

MRS. LOUISE INGRAM

Suite 1066-408 Adams St., Toledo, Ohio

Magicians—Or those who wish to be magicians. Send 10 cents for new illustrated catalogue of De Land's World-famous tricks. A free trick with each catalogue. Only one to a customer. **Richard Christy Co., Ferris, Ill.**

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FREE

Send in your answer at once. Also send with your solution the names of two or more families in your vicinity who have no piano.

We are offering this Purchasing Bond to apply only as part payment on the purchase of one of our high grade Pianos, or Player-Pianos, in order to secure the names of families who have no instrument so we can get them interested in our method of Factory-to-Home selling.

We will send you the Bond, Free Trial Order Blank, Catalogues and full particulars regarding our great money-saving-plan to Piano Buyers.

Answers must be in our office within 90 days from date of this paper.

Send in your answer on this, or a separate sheet of paper, at once to

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339 SO. WABASH AVE.
DEPT. 32 CHICAGO, ILL.

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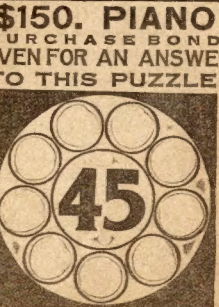
$150. PIANO PURCHASE BOND GIVEN FOR AN ANSWER TO THIS PUZZLE



Place one figure in each circle around the 45 so when they are added together the total will be 45, using no figure more than once.

THE SANE FOURTH

Reporter—"I hear a wild man was seen roaming about in a swamp here?"
Native—"Yes; he was a city man, trying to locate a choice building lot he's just bought!"

An Installment.

It was on a Broadway car. A passenger stooped and picked up a coin from the floor. Three of the other passengers eyed him with envy.
"Which of you people dropped a five-dollar gold piece?"
"I did!" yelled each of the three.
"Well," said the finder to the man nearest him, "here's a nickel of it."

Just Right.

Prospective Buyer—"Yes, I think the horse will suit me—but what age is it?"
Dealer—"What age do you want?"
Prospective Buyer—"I don't want it too young and I don't want it too old."
Dealer—"Then it'll suit you, guv'nor, 'cause this hoss is just middle-aged—say 30 or so."

One Advantage.

"There's one thing I like about these new-fangled dinner dances."
"What's that?"
"They keep a man from wondering what to do with his hands between courses."

The Amusing Truth.

The late Franklin Simmons, the famous American sculptor, who recently died in Rome, was an exponent of the frank, naturalistic method.
"How much more amusing the true is than the ideal," he said one day, in his studio to a correspondent. "Take the case of the little girl.
"'My dear,' the little girl's mother said, 'don't you think you are getting too old to play with boys?'
"The little girl frowned in scornful astonishment.
"'Why, no, mamma,' she cried impatiently. 'The older I get the better I like 'em.'"

Milk by the Yard.

Wiggins is a confirmed practical joker. The other day he strolled into the local dairy, and, with a perfectly solemn face, said:
"I want a yard of milk!"
The dairyman was not to be done. Dipping his finger into the milk, he drew a line of wet milk along the counter, and said blandly:
"There you are, sir. Ten cents a yard."
But Wiggins got one back, after all.
"Ah, thanks!" he said negligently. "Just roll it up for me, will you?"

Not Like Other Visitors.

The perfect baby of a South Side mother has reached the age where he can coo, an accomplishment in which he indulges himself most of the time when not otherwise engaged.
"He is the most welcome visitor I ever had," said the mother proudly. "He just lies and talks to me by the hour."
"Isn't that nice," replied the caller. "So unlike most visitors—they just talk and lie to you by the hour."

Not Pleased.

Jones met his neighbor, Smith, who carried a gun in his hand.
"Been shooting this morning?" asked Jones.
"Yes, I had to kill my dog," answered Smith.
"Why, was he mad?" asked Jones.
"Well," said Smith dryly, "he didn't seem to be any too well pleased."

HE KNEW THE ANSWER.

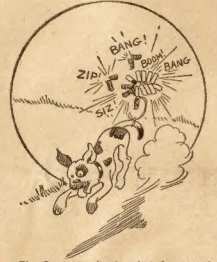
The suffragette stood grim and firm,
The crowd around harangu[ing;]
And masculinity came in
For nothing but a whanging.
"I want," she cried, "the wages of
A man. That's all I'm asking."
As out the door a heartless wretch
Who'd in her light been basking,
Went forth, he aped this Parthian shaft:
"'Tis well with us you've tarried,
Your wish I have the answer for—
Dear lady, just get married."

"Hello."

"I do have the worst trouble with the 'phone!"
"What's the cause?"
"The service, of course. Let me show you. 'Hello, exchange, hello. Why don't you answer? I want Mrs. Brown, Mrs. Julia Brown. What number? Sixty-two Tangisfoot street, Number 7 just told you. Oh, that? You mean her telephone number? Why, it's—there, you've gone and put it all out of my head. I'll have to look in the book. Dear, dear, the book is upstairs. Well, I never in all my life saw such service!"

Preferred His Company.

He—"You were getting ready to go out, and I'm afraid my call is inopportune."
She—"Really and truly, I would much rather stay here and talk with you than to keep my engagement this afternoon."
"I am delighted. But can the engagement be broken without causing hard feelings?"
"Oh, yes. The dentist won't mind."



The Pup—"So die is what dey meant when dey said I was to be on de Fourth of July fireworks celebration committee."

Lady or Gentleman.

The vicar advertised for an organist the other day. Among the replies he received was the following:
"Dear Sir—I notice that you have a vacancy for an organist and music teacher, either lady or gentleman. Having been both for several years, I beg to apply for the position."

Misfits.

It was Robert's first visit to the zoo.
"What do you think of the animals?" inquired Uncle Ben.
After a critical inspection of the exhibit the boy replied:
"I think the kangaroo and the elephant should change tails."

Didn't Know Him.

The Lady (to the aeroplane demonstrator)—"I wish you'd wouldn't try to sell an airship to my husband."
The Salesman—"And why not, madam?"
"Because he isn't to be trusted with it."
"But, madam, our new machines are all fool-proof."
"Ordinarily, perhaps. But you haven't met my husband."

Inside Information.

"Father," said little Rollo, "what is appendicitis?"
"Appendicitis, my son," answered the deep-thinking father, "is something that enables a doctor to open up a man's anatomy and remove his entire bank account."

Needed Protection.

Willie was being measured for his first made-to-order suit of clothes.
"Do you want the shoulders padded, my little man?" inquired the tailor.
"No," said Willie significantly; "pad the pants."

Attention.

He—"I called to see your father this afternoon."
She (fluttering visibly)—"Oh, did you?"
He—"Yes; he has been owing our firm a little bill for some time."

Expensive.

"She says she thinks she could learn to love me."
"Yet you do not look happy!"
"It is going to be expensive. Had her at the theater last night, with a little supper afterward. The first lesson cost me twenty-five dollars."

Sure Thing.

When a girl decides that she has dramatic talent, her usefulness as a dish washer becomes greatly impaired.

In Hell.

"Do you think that Senator Hunk is open to conviction?"
"Yes; and liable to conviction, also."

Calling the Kettle Black.

"I despise a hypocrite."
"So do I."
"Now, take Jackson, for example; he's the biggest hypocrite on earth."
"But you appear to be his best friend."
"Oh, yes; I try to appear friendly toward him. It pays better in the end."

No Extra Charge.

Lady of the House—"Half the things you wash are torn to pieces."
Washerwoman—"Yes, mum; but when a thing is torn in two or more pieces, mum, I only charge for them as one piece, mum."

The Age of Invention.

Mrs. Binks—"My back is most broken."
Mr. B.—"What have you been doing?"
Mrs. B.—"Trying to fix some of our labor-saving machinery so it will work."

What to Wear.

"George is going to take me to my first baseball game this afternoon. What would you advise me to wear?"
"An air of silence."

What It Was.

"Is that plant I see in your garden a perennial or an annual?"
"Neither. It's a failure."

SURE.

Most any man
Who does his best,
Doth now and then
Deserve a rest.

E'en though no fish
Are ever caught,
There's joy in a
Vacation thought.

Diagnosis Correct.

The Vicar of Monmouth tells this story:
A doctor had been called in to attend a man, and having done what he could, he told the patient's wife to take her husband's temperature in the morning. When the doctor called the next day he asked if she had done so he told her. She explained that they handn't a thermometer in the house.
"But I put the barometer on his chest," she added, "and it went to 'very dry.' So I gave him a pint of beer, and he's gone to work!"

Teacher's Theory Shattered.

"Children," said the teacher to his pupils, "you should be able to do anything equally well with either hand. With a little practice you will find it just as easy to do anything with one hand as it is with the other."
"Is it?" inquired the urchin at the foot of the class. "Let's see you put your left hand in the right-hand pocket of your trousers."

Out of All Reason.

"My doctor is so unreasonable," said the fashionable dame. "Wants me to go to some summer resort where I'll gain in weight."
"What's unreasonable about that?"
"Why, then I can't wear my expensive gowns."

Never Met.

It was a very clever girl who recently wrote this:
"I cannot praise our rector's eyes;
I never saw his glance divine;
He always shuts them when he prays,
And when he preaches he shuts mine."

Genuine Pity.

"Mr. and Mrs. Whiffer never have any arguments."
"How does that happen?"
"Mr. Whiffer won't argue."
"The poor woman!"

Willie's Tact.

There was company to dinner, and father was carving his prettiest on a fine roast, when suddenly the knife struck a skewer, made a sliding motion, and came out on top. Father attempted to cover his real feelings with jests, but there was an embarrassing silence. Willie took advantage of it.
"Cook has burned her nose orful," he said.
"Too bad," muttered father, still wrestling with the roast. "How did she do it?"
"Trying to pull those skewers out with her teeth."

Blunt.

A visitor who had an exalted opinion of his golf ability was extended the courtesy of the club, and the first day he went over the beautiful course in the Highlands, accompanied by a bright caddy. He had succeeded in burying his ball in every bunker, gulley and burn on or near the links, when he turned to the caddy and said:
"Really, this is the most difficult course I have ever played on."
"Hoo dae ye ken?" asked the caddy gravely. "Ye havna played on it yet."

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"Mr. Whiffer won't argue."
"The poor woman!"

First Chauffeur—"Bill got fined $500 for taking his employer's car without permission!"
Second Chauffeur—"But how did the boss know he took it?"
First Chauffeur—"Why, Bill ran over him."

Keen.

"Here, sir," said the antique dealer, displaying a huge sword to a clerical-looking collector, "I've seen anything more interesting than that? That's Balaam's sword."
"But, my good man, that cannot be," said the dominie, "Balaam never had a sword. He only wished for one."
"Quite right, sir," said the dealer. "This is the one he wished for!"

The Road to Fame.

"At last," cried the musician, "I have fame within my grasp."
"How so?" asked his wife, who had heard the same thing before.
"You know Mendelssohn's 'Wedding March', and the marvelous repute it brought him?" said the musician.
"Yes, but what of it?"
"Well, I'm going to write a Divorce March."

First Boy—"Why don't your cannon go off? Ain't it loaded?"
Second Boy—"Yes; but I loaded it with a lot of white stuff I got out of a box labeled powder, in my mother's bedroom."

Mr. Winks—"You say you hate the Chinese?"
Mr. Blinks—"Yes; the pig-tailed devils invented the firecrackers, durn 'em!"

A FOURTH OF JULY CURE

Billie Bedam—"Aw, gee! Yer can't go ter the Fourth o' July picnic 'cause yer got a toothache? Well, come on an' walk a ways with me, anybow!

"That's too dinged rotten for anything, yer ole tooth havin' to start achin' on the Fourth. Let's see——

"Say, I got a idee what will stop that measly toothache quicker than scat! I'll fix her for yer!

"That's it, yer just hang on tight while I touch off this rocket, then, good-by toothache!

"Whoopee! There she goes! Tooth and toothache jerked to glory! Out of sight! Out of sight!

"Some nifty scheme, eh? Oh, we American boys know how ter get there! Now for the pink lemonade and fireworks!"

How One Man Loved

Or, Lupton's Remarkable Case

By Emma Howard Wight

The coffin was empty!

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CHAPTER XII.

THE detective's brows went up a little, but if he felt any eagerness he gave no evidence of it when he spoke.

"Are you sure it was Mrs. Lupton?" he asked.

"Yes, I saw her," replied Lupton. "It was when Mrs. Lupton and Miss Dorothy came back to the room after Doctor Sydnor told them that Mr. Frederick was dead," he went on to explain. "Miss Dorothy was taking on terribly hard, and Mrs. Lupton was wandering about the room in a dazed sort of a way. She stopped by the desk, took up the glass, looked at it a moment, then took her handkerchief and wiped it out."

"I suppose Mrs. Lupton was very much attached to her husband?" observed the detective, with seeming carelessness.

"She had every reason to be," declared Lormon, with an earnestness that was impressive. "If ever a man loved a woman with his whole soul, that man was Mr. Frederick."

The man paled as he spoke, there was a look upon his face that caused the detective to regard him curiously.

"A woman does not always love the man who is most worthy of her love," he remarked.

A troubled look passed over Lormon's face.

"I suppose that is true," he admitted, after a moment.

"Well, it matters little now whether Frederick Lupton's wife loved him as he deserved or not," said Detective Ambrose. "It is rumored that Mrs. Lupton will in time marry Godfrey Livingstone, the artist."

Lormon started convulsively.

"My God!" he cried, in a voice of horror. "You gave me a start, sir," he continued more quietly, conscious that the detective was observing him curiously.

"Has it never occurred to you that Mrs. Lupton and Mr. Livingstone were in love with each other?" asked the detective.

Lormon shook his head.

"No," he replied, "I thought it was Miss Dorothy he cared for." And then he added, half to himself, "And Mr. Frederick thought so, too."

Upon leaving the Lupton residence, Detective Ambrose went to his office in the Criterion Life Insurance Building and sat down to think over quietly the information he had acquired. It was evident that the case of Frederick Lupton was likely to prove a complicated one, but that only intensified the bloodhound instinct of the detective. He was more inclined to the theory that Frederick Lupton had been murdered by his wife than that he had committed suicide. Detective Ambrose, in his professional career, had known frequent instances of the lengths to which a woman's infatuation, her guilty love for a man will carry her. And Godfrey Livingstone was a man well calculated to enthrall any woman.

The detective summed up in his mind the suspicious circumstances against Kathleen Lupton: The fact that she was in love with another man, her presence in the library the night of Lupton's death, her agitation and the words the maid had overheard, the cleansing of the wine glass.

He turned again to the suicide theory. Frederick Lupton was ruined financially, and his life was insured for seven hundred thousand dollars. His death would secure his wife and sister against poverty. These were the strongest circumstances in support of the suicide theory. After thinking it all over very carefully, Detective Ambrose came to the conclusion that if a post-mortem disclosed the fact that Frederick Lupton came to his death by poison, circumstances pointed more strongly to murder than to suicide.

The detective suddenly decided to pay a visit to Godfrey Livingstone's studio. On his way down he got off at the second floor and went to the office of President Raymond. Ambrose stated briefly all that he had ascertained.

"The thing now is to find out whether Frederick Lupton died a natural death or whether he died from poison," concluded the detective.

The president nodded.

"We'll make one more effort to obtain the consent of the family to exhume the body," he said crisply. "If that fails, we'll take more decisive measures to enforce it. I'll communicate at once with the Luptons' lawyer, Marshall Carroll. In the meanwhile, you might go on with your investigations," he concluded.

Ambrose started toward the door, stopped, and looked back.

"What is Godfrey Livingstone's reputation where women are concerned?" he asked.

"He is famous for his intrigues with married women," was the reply. "I remember now hearing his name coupled with that of the beautiful Mrs. Lupton." "She is not generally regarded as a marrying man?"

"No," very decidedly.

"He'll marry Mrs. Lupton," the detective was thinking, as he left the office. "She is wonderfully beautiful, and he is madly infatuated with her. I saw that written in his face."

When the detective entered Livingstone's studio, he found the artist standing before an easel painting. Ambrose sauntered about the studio, making a pretense of looking at the paintings for a while, then he approached Livingstone. The artist slightly inclined his head and went on painting. He was engaged upon a water-color sketch; a pretty, fanciful thing—a great tangled heap of red roses and violets, over which hovered a swarm of black and gold butterflies drenched with sunlight. The detective glanced rather abstractedly at the sketch, then he looked at the handsome artist.

"And violets a favorite flower of yours, Mr. Livingstone?" he asked.

"I like them, yes," Livingstone replied carelessly, as he deepened the gold on the delicate wing of a butterfly. "I can't say that they are my favorite flower, however."

"You are as clever at painting flowers as you are at painting portraits," declared the detective. "I heard some one speaking the other day of the wonderful portrait you painted of the beautiful Mrs. Lupton."

It was an instant or so before Livingstone spoke.

"Yes, I painted the portrait of Mrs. Lupton," he said carelessly, stepping back from the easel to note critically the effect of the added touch on the butterfly's wing.

"That was a sudden death of her husband, Frederick Lupton," remarked Ambrose. "I wonder if he committed suicide?"

The long slim fingers of the artist swerved ever so little, but sufficiently to mar the effect for which he was trying, leaving an unsightly daub upon the wing of the butterfly. He turned aside to procure a rag from a table beside the easel while Detective Ambrose stood gazing reflectively at the yellow blotch.

"I understand that the physician pronounced Mr. Lupton's death due to heart failure," said Livingstone, as he returned and began rubbing at the yellow blotch.

"No physician can determine with certainty what caused his death," declared Ambrose. "A post-mortem alone could determine that."

"Frederick Lupton did not strike me as a man likely to take his own life," said Livingstone, after a moment.

"He was a friend of yours?"

"I was very well acquainted with him," answered Livingstone, and the detective smiled grimly at the amendment.

"It appears that he had gone all to smash financially," said Ambrose.

"I have understood that he was financially involved." Livingstone's voice was casual

"Hard on his widow to be left practically penniless."

Livingstone made no remark. He had left the butterfly's wing and was absorbed in adding touches here and there to the vivid bloom of the roses. Ambrose waited a moment, and then added:

"I did hear something about Mr. Lupton's life being insured for a large amount."

"Indeed?" murmured Livingstone, uninterestedly.

"The company may refuse to pay until they are satisfied that Mr. Lupton did not commit suicide."

Livingstone gave a short laugh.

"Very likely. They always do if they are given the slightest loophole."

"It's a matter of self-preservation with the insurance companies," said Ambrose. "They must keep a sharp lookout or they would be done pretty often. If there is anything crooked in this Lupton business the policy shouldn't be paid."

Livingstone gave a slight shrug of his shoulders.

"Frederick Lupton was a man of unblemished reputation," he declared. He turned and glanced a little curiously at the detective. "You appear to take quite an interest in the Luptons."

The detective thought a moment before he answered.

"It is my business to take an interest in them," he said. "I am a detective in the employ of the company in which Mr. Lupton is insured."

For the first time the detective succeeded in disturbing the easy self-possession of Livingstone. He looked startled, then he frowned with quick annoyance.

"A detective!" he exclaimed, with distaste. "Good heavens! I hope there isn't going to be any unpleasant notoriety in connection with the Luptons?"

Ambrose glanced at him reflectively. He knew very little about artistic temperaments and was incapable of understanding the ultra fastidiousness of a man like Godfrey Livingstone. But he guessed shrewdly that Godfrey Livingstone was not the kind of man to stand by a woman under suspicion of murder.

"I think it's more than likely there will be some unpleasant notoriety," declared Ambrose.

"I am sorry to hear it," said Livingstone, recovering his self-possession. "It would prove very unpleasant for Mrs. and Miss Lupton."

"Yes," declared the detective, with some significance, "it may prove extremely unpleasant."

CHAPTER XIII.

MARSHALL CARROLL, the Luptons' lawyer, was duly notified by the Criterion Life Insurance Company that they would refuse to pay the policy of seven hundred thousand dollars on the life of Frederick Lupton until assured of the fact that the deceased died a natural death.

"There's no use to fight them," the lawyer decided. "We shall have to submit to the exhuming of the body. And the matter had better be settled at once. There is nothing to be gained by delay."

Carroll started for the Lupton residence. He was informed by Dorson that Mrs. Lupton had gone out, but that Miss Lupton was at home. The lawyer was shown into the library. In a little while Dorothy entered the room. The lawyer was shocked at her appearance. She seemed paler, more grief-stricken than when he had last seen her. He felt that it was cruel to cause her further distress, but there was no help for it. As gently as possible he explained to her the purpose of his visit. She grew white as she listened.

"They—they think that Frederick took his own life?" she faltered. Carroll gravely inclined his head. "Oh, it can't be true! It's too dreadful!"

"That is the stand taken by the insurance company," Carroll explained. "That doesn't make it so, of course. But as matters stand, I can only advise you to consent to the exhuming of the body."

She sat for a while staring straight before her, very white and still.

"It may be so," she murmured, hardly conscious that she was speaking her thoughts aloud. "If he knew—that——" She stopped suddenly, with a shivering sigh.

"Will you give your consent to the exhuming of the body?" asked the lawyer.

"Yes," she replied, shuddering as she spoke.

"And Mrs. Lupton? Will there be any difficulty with her?"

Dorothy slowly shook her head.

"No," she replied tensely. "It was I who objected to a post-mortem, because," with a pitiful quiver in her voice, "Frederick had expressed such a horror of it And, now—oh, must I say yes?"

The lawyer's heart ached for her as he explained very gently that it was the only thing to do, as the company would force an exhuming of the body if she refused. He was rather relieved that she did not refer to the possibility of the policy's not being paid as a result of the autopsy. In her distress she appeared to have lost sight of that contingency

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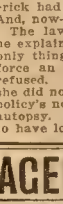
Be sure to ask for the double strength othine as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove freckles.

AGENTS WANTED

HERE'S A NEW ONE

AGENTS!



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BIG MONEY MAKER—100% PROFIT

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Lormon was coming along the hall as Carroll was leaving the house. A startled look passed over his face at the sight of the lawyer. He stood hesitating a moment, and then entered the room from which the lawyer had come. Dorothy was sitting with her arms thrown over a table and her face buried in them. Lormon went up to her.

"Miss Dorothy!" he murmured.

She lifted her head and looked at him with tired, sad eyes. She was not weeping as he had fancied. It seemed to Dorothy that she had no more tears to shed.

"I saw Mr. Carroll going away, Miss Dorothy," said Lormon. "Is—is there any new trouble?"

"Yes," she replied wearily, and told him what it was. Lormon's face turned white. "You don't blame me, do you, Lormon?" she asked, troubled by the look on his face.

"No, Miss Dorothy," he replied dully, and then he turned and went slowly from the room.

As Lormon passed out, Kathleen entered. She had just returned from an automobile ride, her cheeks were vivid rose color, and her eyes were shining. She stopped suddenly, startled at the sight of Dorothy. The girl arose slowly, looking at Kathleen, her breath quickened and her white cheeks flushed faintly

"We were so happy, Frederick and I, until you came into our lives and changed everything," she said, in a voice that was strangely quiet and low and deadly cold. Kathleen started and paled. "Now, he is dead, and I—I am so miserable."

"Dorothy!" the word came like a cry from Kathleen's lips.

"You brought us both sorrow," Dorothy went on, unheedingly, tortured into cruelty by her own suffering. "Frederick loved you so, and you—you gave your love to another."

A burning flush rose in Kathleen's cheeks. She dropped into a chair and covered her face with her hands.

"Perhaps he knew, and that is why he killed himself."

Kathleen's hands dropped from her face, from which the color slowly died, leaving her deadly white.

"Killed himself?" she whispered, with stiff lips.

"They say he took poison," Dorothy explained miserably.

"Oh, God!" murmured Kathleen

CHAPTER XIV

MARSHALL CARROLL lost no time in informing the Criterion Life Insurance Company that the family of Frederick Lupton had given their consent to the exhuming of the body. It was arranged by the company for the body to be exhumed and a post-mortem to be held on the fifteenth of April, or in a week's time. Doctor Sydnor was to be present at the autopsy in the interest of the widow and sister of the dead man.

In the interval before the day set for the autopsy, Detective Ambrose paid another visit to the home of the Luptons. The door was opened by Lormon, who looked distinctly startled at the sight of the detective. It was with evident reluctance that he permitted him to enter the house. They stood facing each other in the hall.

"What can I do for you, sir?" asked Lormon, coldly.

"I suppose you know that the body of Mr. Lupton is to be exhumed and an autopsy performed?" said the detective.

"Yes," replied Lormon, slowly. "I know."

"What do you think will be the result?"

Lormon lifted his eyes and looked the detective steadily in the face.

"It will not establish that Mr. Lupton died from poisoning," he replied, with a conviction that impressed the detective.

He found himself quietly thwarted by Lormon in his endeavor to obtain an interview with Dorson and Celeste, the French maid. It was evident to Ambrose, as he took his departure, that Lormon was in great fear of the post-mortem, while at the same time he seemed confident that it would not show that Frederick Lupton had died from poison. The detective was puzzled.

The day set for the exhuming of the body arrived. At the grave were Detective Ambrose, the superintendent of the graveyard and the men employed to open the grave. The physicians were waiting in the superintendent's house, where the post-mortem was to be held. As the men lifted the coffin from the grave, they exchanged surprised glances.

"What is the matter?" asked Detective Ambrose.

"The coffin's wonderfully light," one of the men explained. "If there's a body inside, it's sure gone to dust already," and he grinned.

Detective Ambrose moved nearer to the coffin.

"Take off the lid," he directed.

The men removed it. The coffin was empty

About an hour later, the detective entered the private office of President Raymond

"Well, what did the autopsy show?" inquired the latter

The detective smiled grimly.

"There has been no autopsy," he replied. "The coffin of Frederick Lupton was found to be empty."

"What!" cried the president. Ambrose nodded. "What do you make of it?"

"The body must have been removed by parties who wished to prevent a post-mortem being held," said Ambrose musingly.

"The only persons who would be interested in doing that are the widow and sister of the dead man," suggested the president.

"I don't think that the sister had anything to do with it," declared the detective.

"You think there is a possibility that the widow—bad?"

"Yes, I do," replied Ambrose.

Under glaring headlines the newspapers published the particulars of the strange case of Frederick Lupton. What had become of the body? By whom had it been removed, and with what object? The case created a sensation. Some of the newspapers alleged that the widow and sister of the dead man were greatly distressed and mystified over the disappearance of the body.

The Criterion Life Insurance Company refused to pay the policy of seven hundred thousand dollars on the life of Frederick Lupton until the body was produced and a post-mortem held. At this juncture, certain stocks held by Frederick Lupton at the time of his death and considered practically worthless, suddenly took a rise. Carroll, acting for the widow and sister of the dead man, watched the market, and when the stocks reached a certain point, sold out, realizing the sum of five hundred thousand dollars.

CHAPTER XV.

A WEEK passed, and so far not a clew had been discovered toward solving the mystery of the disappearance of the body of Frederick Lupton. As his eyes fell upon headlines to that effect, Godfrey Livingstone tossed aside the newspaper with gesture of impatience and disgust.

"Damn!" he exclaimed

The next moment he started to his feet, as the studio door opened and Kathleen came into the room.

"Kathleen!" exclaimed Livingstone, in a shocked voice.

The last time he had seen her, she had come to him with rose-colored cheeks and the languor and happiness of love in her eyes. Now, even her lips were pale, and her eyes had a strained, hunted look. The rare loveliness of her face seemed for the time blotted out, the bloom was gone from cheeks and lips, there were stains like bruises under her eyes.

She went straight up to him, lifting her eyes to his face.

"Godfrey, you asked me to marry you very soon," she said, "and I told you I could not until a year had passed. You said we could go away from here where no one would know. Godfrey, I will do as you want me if you will take me away at once before—before they arrest me."

"Arrest you?" He stared at her horrified, incredulous. "In the name of God, what do you mean?"

"I am suspected of having poisoned my husband," she explained. She dropped weakly into a chair as she spoke. "A detective, employed by the Criterion Life Insurance Company, has woven a chain of circumstantial evidence against me." She paused a moment and then added, "He found out about you and me, that we cared for each other."

"The deuce he did!" exclaimed Livingstone, frowning. He turned abruptly and walked up and down the studio.

She watched him, a look of bewilderment in her eyes. She had expected to find in him tender sympathy, consolation, protection. A sense of disappointment stole over her, a chill feeling clutched at her heart.

He paused at length beside her.

"You know, dearest, I would do anything in my power to help you," he said, and she was conscious, with a sharp twinge of agony, of the lack of sincerity in his voice. "But for us to run away, to marry under existing conditions would be the worst possible thing for us to do." She lifted her eyes and looked at him very steadily. "You understand that, do you not?" He spoke with something of an effort under her steady gaze. "It would compromise you more. My darling——"

She stopped him with a gesture

"Don't!" she cried. She arose and faced him proudly, her cheeks flushed, her eyes alight. "Yes, I think I understand—you." There was a touch of fine scorn in her voice that whipped the blood into his face. "I have made a great mistake in coming here today—a mistake I shall never cease to regret."

She was so beautiful in her pride, her scorn, that a floodgate of passion swept over Livingstone, and he forgot everything save that he wanted her above every other woman in the world

"Kathleen, I love you!" he cried.

She shook her head with a faint smile, and moved toward the door. He followed her.

"Don't go, Kathleen, don't let us part like this!" he pleaded. "You love me."

She turned and faced him.

"No, I do not love you!" I never did love you," she declared quietly. "I loved an ideal that existed only in my imagination. I thank Heaven that I am disillusioned. The awakening is bitter, but it is for the best," and she turned and left him.

Later, on her knees at Dorothy's feet, she sobbed out the whole story. The awful shadow hanging over Kathleen had awakened all the old love and tenderness in Dorothy's heart, had drawn

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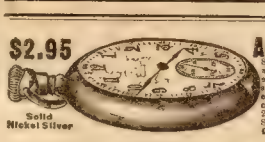

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them together again in the old loving friendship.

"He tried to tempt me to shame and dishonor," said Kathleen, "and there were times when I almost yielded. But the night Frederick died I made up my mind to put Godfrey Livingstone out of my life. I found Frederick in the library. I told him I wanted to be a better wife to him for the future, to make him happier than I had done before. When I went back to my room, the perfume of the violets Godfrey Livingstone had sent me caused me to realize what I had done, and I suffered horribly, for I thought I loved him. It was giving up Godfrey Livingstone that wrung those words from me which Celeste overheard."

"And that wretched detective puts his own construction upon them, and is trying to use them against you," exclaimed Dorothy, indignantly.

"Yes." Kathleen shivered.

"And the to-do he makes over your having wiped out the wine glass," said Dorothy, disgustedly.

A wan smile crossed Kathleen's lips.

"I did that mechanically," she explained. "Persons often do trivial things almost unknowingly in moments of great distress or excitement."

"We'll face it together, dear," declared Dorothy, bravely, as her hand caressed tenderly the beautiful dusky head against her knee.

Neither of them noticed Lormon, who had quietly entered the room.

"Dorothy," said Kathleen, "I realize now how truly, devotedly, and unselfishly Frederick loved me." Lormon, who was about to come forward, stopped suddenly. "Oh, if he were alive, Dorothy, how dearly I could learn to love him!"

Lormon turned and went quietly out of the room.

CHAPTER XVI.

IN the afternoon, a few days later, Detective Ambrose entered the office of President Raymond.

You wish to see me, sir?" he said.

"Yes. Marshall Carroll 'phoned me that he would be at my office this afternoon on a matter of importance, and requested that you be present."

At that moment Marshall Carroll entered. He bowed to the president, and bestowed a curt nod upon Detective Ambrose. Then, as he seated himself, he inquired of the president if it was the company's intention to push the charge of murder against Mrs. Lupton.

"We intend placing the matter in the hands of the commonwealth attorney," was the reply.

"You will make a great mistake," declared the lawyer. "I admit that Mr. Ambrose has built up something that resembles circumstantial evidence against Mrs. Lupton. But she is absolutely innocent." He hesitated a moment and then added, "Frederick Lupton is alive."

"Alive?" cried the president.

Detective Ambrose looked up sharply. The lawyer arose and opened the door leading into the outer office. A man, who had been waiting there, came quietly forward. The man was Frederick Lupton. For the space of a moment there was silence; then Lupton spoke, addressing President Raymond.

"Mr. Raymond," he said, "I am guilty of an attempt to defraud your company. I have but one excuse to offer—my love for a woman. I am terribly punished by the terrible position in which my wife has been placed."

"This is a very extraordinary business, Mr. Lupton," said the president. "I am curious to hear the explanation."

"When I was in India some years ago," Lupton began, seating himself, "an old Hindu soothsayer gave me a powder which he claimed if taken internally would produce the appearance of death, this condition lasting from three to five days. It was the possession of this powder that suggested to me the scheme I attempted to carry out."

"And in which you were ably assisted by your valet, Lormon," declared Ambrose, suddenly enlightened as to the odd mode of procedure of that person. If the detective felt any chagrin he managed to conceal it.

"Yes," admitted Lupton. "Lormon and several of the sailors on my yacht. They opened the grave the second day after the burial and carried me on the yacht which is lying in the harbor. It was not until the fourth day," he smiled a little, "that I came to life."

"If the insurance money had been paid, what were your intentions?" asked the president, curiously.

"I intended to go away on my yacht, and after a time have my wife informed and have her join me." He arose and added, very simply, "And some day, when I had again gotten on my feet, I intended to make good to the company."

President Raymond arose and held out his hand to Frederick Lupton "I believe that, Mr. Lupton," he said.

* * * * *

The yacht Dorothy was steaming slowly out of New York harbor. On the deck stood Frederick Lupton and his wife, their eyes fixed upon the wonderful and beautiful city.

"What an enchanted place it seemed to me when I first saw it," said Kathleen.

He looked at her concernedly.

"Do you regret leaving it, perhaps forever?" he asked.

She shook her head.

"No, I have not a single regret. She turned, lifting her eyes a little shyly to his face. "The new life that is opening to us, Frederick, will be sweeter, happier than the old."

He thought of certain words Lormon had overheard and repeated to him, and a great light of happiness glowed in his eyes.

"Yes, sweeter, happier," he whispered, as he bent and kissed her.

After a few moments she turned and looked again toward the city.

"I learned there how great can be a man's love for a woman," she said softly.

The End.

* * *

The Source.

Mr. Hoyle was a most indulgent father, but of late he had commenced to think that his son Arthur was taking advantage of his generosity.

"Why, when I was your age, young man," he said one morning, after a particularly urgent demand for more funds, "I didn't have as much money to spend in a month as you spend in a day."

"Well, dad, don't scold me about it," said the youth. "Why don't you go for grandfather?"

* * *

Hopeless.

A gentleman who had been spending a holiday at a Scottish seaside village noted for its golf links asked one of the caddies if he got much carrying in the winter time.

"Nae, sir, nae," replied the caddie. "There's nae carrying in the winter time. Ye see, it's this way. If it's no snaw, it's frost; if it's no frost, it's sna'; if it's neither sna' nor frost, it's rain; if it's no rain, it's wind; an' if it's a fine day, it's the Sawbath!"

REMINISCENCES.

I remember, I remember,
The Fourth we used to know;
When Willie burnt his finger,
And Johnny shot his toe.
When cannon crackers were set off
By little hands, unskilled;
When Mamie had an eye put out,
And baby Ted was killed.

I remember, I remember,
Although it wrings my heart,
How fathers let their children shoot,
And thought it rather smart.
How cannons, pistols, guns and bombs—
Whatever made a noise—
Were freely, willingly bestowed
On little girls and boys.

I remember, I remember,
The saddened hearts next day;
When some were in the hospitals
And some were laid away.
When many a loving father
Wept with his sobbing wife,
To see their well-loved little ones
Maimed and deformed for life.

But now, all that is over.
Our Fourths are safe and sane;
Those terrible conditions
Shall never come again.
We've banished all such dangers,
We've learned a better way,
To glorify and celebrate
Our Independence Day!

—Carolyn Wells in Life.

* * *

Resourceful.

And men relate a tale of a brave and resourceful little school-teacher in one of our suburbs, who supports her mother and three young sisters on her by no means munificent salary. Last week her mother called her up by telephone. "Listen," wailed the old lady, "a whole bunch of relatives is coming to supper to-morrow evening. I'll have to make a cake or something, and I haven't an egg in the house. And the grocer won't trust us any more, and there won't be any money until next week, and—"

"Never mind, mother—I'll fix it," answered the young teacher, cheerily. Then she turned again to her class.

"Now, children," she said, "tomorrow will be the beautiful story of Columbus and how he made the egg stand on end. Each of you will please bring an egg to school tomorrow. The class is dismissed."

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$1.00 to $1,000.00 Paid for Thousands of Rare Coins to 1909. Many of great value in circulation. Get posted. Send only 4c and get our large illustrated coin circular. It may mean much profit to you. You certainly have nothing to lose. Send now. The Numismatic Bank, Dept. 12, Fort Worth, Texas.

REAL ESTATE

FOR Sale—Fertile Alfalfa Land—I Own and offer for sale five or six hundred acres of the finest land in Nebraska. This land is worth almost double what I ask for it. There is a town of 600 population adjoining this land. The Union Pacific R. R. runs through the center, and on one side the Denver auto road, and on the other the Platte River. Write and receive full information immediately, as this land will sell very fast. Selling from $60 an acre up. Worth $100 acre and up. D. C. Paterson, Patterson Block, Omaha, Neb.

$15 May Make You $1,000. A Few Dollars now may make make you thousands in the wonderful oil fields of Texas, which have produced millions. Write today for free maps and literature telling about our co-operative development plan and the wells now making $1,000 to $3,000 daily. Address J. A. Friedman Co., 846 Stewart Bldg., Houston, Texas.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

FREE for Six Months—My Special Offer to introduce my magazine, "Investing for Profit." It is worth $10 a copy to anyone who has been getting left on Wall Street. It demonstrates the real earning power of money, and shows how anyone, no matter how poor, can acquire riches. Investing for Profit is the only progressive financial journal published. It shows how $100 grows to $2,200. Write now and I'll send it six months free. H. L. Barber, 413, 28 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago.

MEN of Ideas and Inventive Ability Should write for new lists of "Needed Inventions," "Patent Buyers," and "How to Get Your Patent and Your Money." Advice free. Randolph & Co., Patent Attorneys, Dept. 173, Washington, D. C.

$25 Weekly Profits. Independent, Increasing business. Men or women. We furnish capital. No canvassing. Superba Co., Dept. 18, Baltimore, Md.

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6% Farm and City Loans May Be Obtained to repay mortgages, remove incumbrances, purchase or improve property. Special privileges, correspondence invited. The C. General Agency, 317 Gas & Electric Bldg., Denver, Col.

MOTION PICTURE PLAYS

WRITE Photoplays. We Buy Them. Complete instructions $1.00. The Photo-Playwrights Exchange—B, 1029 North Dearborn Street, Chicago.

WRITE "Movie" Plays—$50 Each. Literary experience unnecessary. No correspondence course. Details free. Press Publishers, 4114, Cincinnati.

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TYPEWRITER Free—Boys, in the Next Three months we shall give away 1000 $2 typewriters to boys who do a little work for us in their spare time at home. For full particulars address George Kehl, Massbach, Ill.

BOYS Get a Fountain Pen for Distributing Samples. Write for particulars. G. Knewitz, East St. Louis, Ill.

PATENTS

WANTED, an Idea! Who Can Think of Some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas, they may bring you wealth. Write for "Needed Inventions," "Patent Buyers," and "How to Get Your Patent and Your Money." Randolph & Co., Patent Attorneys, Dept. 174, Washington, D. C.

PERSONAL

MARRY Rich—Matrimonial Paper of Highest character, containing hundreds of photos and descriptions of marriageable people with means; mailed in plain wrapper. Write. One may be your ideal. Standard Cor. Club, Box 607, Grays Lake, Illinois.

PIMPLES, Pustules, Red Nose, Oily Skin; every form of acne cured; every disfiguring mark removed—even the scars. Book free. Dr. Rodgers, Suite 413, 36 W. Randolph St., Chicago.

MARRY—Many Rich and Anxious for Congenial companions. Interesting particulars and nearly 100 photos free. 20th year. The Messenger, Jacksonville, Fla.

MARRY, Wealth and Beauty. Marriage Directory free. Many have married. New plan. Ladies send description in first letter. Box 314 W, Kansas City, Mo.

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MARRY—Marriage Directory With Photos and descriptions free. Pay when married. New System, Box 655, Kansas City, Mo.

MARRY Rich—Hundreds Anxious to Marry. Descriptions and photos free (sealed). The Unity, Grand Rapids, Mich.

MARRY—Photos, Descriptions and P. O. Address of pretty, rich ladies and gents, want to marry, free. Ha Jahn, St. Paul, Minn.

MARRIAGE Paper Free; Best Published for sure results; reliable. Eastern Agency 65, Bridgeport, Connecticut.

MARRY—Catalogue With Photos and Descriptions free. Pay if suited. Select Club, Dept. 674, Tekonsha, Mich.

LOVINE Never Fails. Every Package Guaranteed. Either sex. 10c. Two packages, sealed, 20c. Lovine, Box 109, Palatine, Ill.

SACHET—Sprinkle on Letters to Your Beau. Used secretly. Directions tell. Package sealed 10c. Denver Ferguson, Brownsville, Ky.

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LOV-O Sachet Wins Your Sweetheart Without delay. Powder and its [illegible] 25c Britt's, Wood St., Newark, N. J.

GET Married—Best Matrimonial Paper Published. Mailed free (!). The Correspondent, Toledo, Ohio.

HAVE Friends and Sweethearts Everywhere. Receive postcards from every place. Membership free. Hoosier Club, Terre Haute, Ind.

MARRIAGE Paper—Highest Character; Send 10c. B. W. Love, Box 1800, Denver, Colo.

FUTURE Told. Also Past; Send Dime. Birthdate. A. B. Fay, 6730 Madison St., Chicago.

Side Show Sidelights

By Francis Metcalfe

The Wild Man.

THIS matter of specialties seems to run through every branch of the show business," said the press agent as they took their seats at the table. "I ran a dime museum in St. Louis several years ago—in those days there was lots of money in it—and the freaks would never stand for any change in their billing. We used to have a fresh lot sent on by our New York agent every two weeks, and one Monday morning when I went down to look over the new arrivals, I knew that he had been up against the demon rum when he engaged part one of the supers would prod up old Fuzzy, who would rattle his chains and howl for fair, and the audience would get cold chills down their backs. We were playing to the S. R. O., and giving so many shows a day that Merritt pretty nearly lost his voice, and Fuzzy had been prodded so much that he had to take his meals standing up. We ran 'em through pretty fast, and one afternoon Merritt was just going to give the 'All out' signal, which cleared the exhibition hall for the next performance, when up steps a big husky black roustabout from the levee and commences to strip off his coat

Fuzzy took one look.

such a tough-looking bunch. The alleged fat woman looked as if she was wasting away with consumption, and the bearded lady had a way of absent-mindedly humming the popular airs in a bass voice which gave the whole snap away. There was one likely-looking girl and when I asked her what she was she told me she was the web-footed lady and showed me her feet, which had little pieces of skin growing between the toes.

"I knew that wasn't good enough, so I told her she was mistaken; that she was a Circassian beauty, and I gave her a wig and the fixings and put her on the platform. But say, would you believe it? She was so mad and embarrassed by the change in her stunt that when the lecturer was calling attention to her blonde beauty, she would blush until she looked like an Indian princess, and every time he turned his back she would take off her shoes and wiggle her toes at the audience to show what she really was.

"It was up to us to get some real attraction to tide over the time until our agent should get sober and send us another bunch of freaks, so Merritt, who was my partner, and myself hunted up a big buck nigger and made a deal with him to go on as a 'wild man.' We ripped up a hair mattress and glued the contents onto him, and wired a couple of big tusks to his teeth, and with an iron collar around his neck and a log chain around his waist he was as good an imitation as was ever faked. We put him in a big cage which we had used the week before for a mangy old lion; one of the five hundred or so 'Wallace the untamables' which were touring the country, and Merritt taught him to howl like a steam calliope

"We called him 'Fuzzy' Wuzzy, the terrible man-eating cannibal,' which was a waste of words, but Merritt had language to burn. He had got hold of a phony five-hundred-dollar bill, and when he was giving his spiel about how Fuzzy Wuzzy was captured upon a desert island, where he was found chewing a human leg, and how he couldn't eat anything but raw meat, and was always trying to get at his keeper for dessert, he would wave his phony five-hundred spot over his head and give it to 'em good

"'Five hundred dollars, ladies and gents, I will give to any man who will remain for the short space of two minutes in the cage with Fuzzy Wuzzy! Five hundred dollars to any man who is brave enough to run the risk of letting this terrible man-eating cannibal get his hinder limbs about him, for then all would be lost and Fuzzy Wuzzy would fasten his terrible fangs in his victim's throat and suck his ber-lud.'

"Well, it was a good spiel, all right, all right, and when Merritt struck that in front. He was tanked up until his safety valve would have blown off if it hadn't been wired down, but he was pretty steady on his pins when he heid onto the railing in front of the cage.

"'Professah,' says he, 'did I understand yo' all correctly to say that this yeah object in the cage has none of the attributes of the human race?'

"'Correct!' says Merritt, glad of an excuse to delay things. 'He is lower than the beasts of the field.'

"'Well, he suttenly ain't much to look at,' says the Southerner, looking him over carefully. 'He won't eat like folks—he can't talk—an' he sleeps like a bat. I dunno why such a pusillanimous critter should cumber the yearth,' and with that he pulls out a forty-five from under the tails of his coat. Fuzzy takes one look at it, and it didn't need any prodding to make him holler, and he tries to tear off the false tusks.

"'Foh Gawd's sake, mistah, doan shoot!' he yells. 'Dat white mahn's been tellin' a passel ob lies about me until ah's sartain suah someing gwine fer to git me. Ah can eat an' talk like any one, and mos' ebery one knows me about yeah; wen ah ain't got dese yeah contraptions on.'

"'Shut up, you blame fool!' says Merritt. 'He won't shoot you.'

"'Mebbe he knows dat, mebbe you knows dat; but how does I know dat?' yells Fuzzy. 'Dat gun suttenly looks big to me.

"About this time the other coon got wise and saw the five hundred vanishing, and the last I saw of Merritt he was trying to break a half-Nelson that the coon had got on him and dodge the rest of the crowd at the same time. I left St. Louis on a freight that night, wearing a few lumps where some stray brickbats landed, and the next time I saw Merritt was in Chicago, and he was on crutches and had his head covered with plaster."

"The Tattooed Lady" next week. There will be several more of these laughable stories of side shows and circus life. It will pay you to read them.

The CLIPPER

There are three things that destroy your lawns—Dandelions, Buck Plantain, and Crab Grass. In one season the Clipper will drive them all out.

Your dealer should have them—if he has not, drop us a line and we will send circulars and prices

Clipper Lawn Mower Co
Box 5 - Dixon, Ill.

RING AND BRACELET GIVEN

For selling 6 boxes of Smith's Rosebud Salve at 25c per box. A great remedy for burns, cuts, sores, piles, eczema, catarrh, croup, etc. When sold return the $1.50 and we will promptly forward this beautiful gold laid bracelet and fine gold filled wedding ring, or choice from our large premium catalogue. SEND NO MONEY, we trust you.

ROSEBUD PERFUME CO.
Box 256. Woodsboro, Md.

PILES CURED AT HOME BY NEW ABSORPTION METHOD

If you suffer from bleeding, itching, blind or protruding Piles, send me your address, and I will tell you how to cure yourself at home by the new absorption treatment; and will also send some of this home treatment free for trial, with references from your own locality if requested. Immediate relief and permanent cure assured. Send no money, but tell others of this offer. Write today to Mrs. M. Summers, Box 457, South Bend, Ind.

ECZEMA CAN BE CURED BY **BARIOIL.** I am so positive that your Eczema can be cured by BARIOIL that I send a bank draft with every bottle good for your refund if you are not satisfied. Therefore, you take no risk or chance when you send for BARIOIL. I have only 1 REMEDY, 1 SIZE, 1 DOLLAR. Send 10c for sample and get immediate relief. Sold only by BERT BYRON BARRY, Dept. 4, 64 E. Van Buren St., CHICAGO, ILL.

LADIES $1000 REWARD! I positively guarantee my great Successful "Compound." Safely relieves some of the longest, most obstinate, abnormal affections in 2 to 5 days. No harm, pain or interference with work. Mail $1.50; Double Strength, $2.00. BOOKLET FREE. Write today DR. C. L. SOUTHINGTON REMEDY CO., 515 MAIN ST., KANSAS CITY, MO

TRY THIS WHISKEY AT OUR RISK FREE

We want you to try our famous old *Mellow Springs Whiskey* wholly at our risk. Use a full quart bottle to test it out; if you like—and if not *more* than satisfied return unused portion and we will refund your money immediately.

4 Full Quart Bottles MELLOW SPRINGS WHISKEY $2.25
8 Full Quart Bottles MELLOW SPRINGS WHISKEY $4.25
12 Full Quart Bottles MELLOW SPRINGS WHISKEY $6.25

With each 4 quarts of *Mellow Springs* we send *free*, a handsome scroll glass decanter, filled with delicious Sherry, Port or Angelica Wine or Manhattan Cocktail. Decanter is full size—handsome and useful. *Also FREE* gold-tipped Whiskey Glass and Patent cork screw.

MAYCLIFFE DIST. CO., 206 Mayclife Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.

ARE YOU AN AMERICAN?

You Will Want This Flag—Free to Everyone!

This splendid American Flag is made from specially prepared bunting. Each stripe is a separate strip of cloth securely sewn with a double seam machine stitch. The stripes are fast Turkey Red and will not run. The stars are set in a field of navy blue.

EVERY RED-BLOODED AMERICAN

—wants an American flag Grand Army veterans, Spanish-American War veterans, unions, granges, lodges, brotherhoods, churches, schools, societies and private houses, need a flag like this—1 yard wide by 1 2-3 yards long—to use in celebrating national and state holidays.

A beautiful flag is the one decoration for every occasion that never grows tiresome or stale. Every parade must have an American flag at the head. This Flag is just the right size for marching men to carry. If your lodge or fraternal order needs a flag, here is a splendid chance to get a beautiful American Flag Free with each subscription.

—whose forefathers fought for this nation — every person whose ancestors left the homeland for the freedom of America — every father who wants his sons and daughters to be wide awake American citizens—every mother who wants her children to be strong-hearted, law abiding patriots. Boys and girls who live in the country of Washington, Lincoln, Roosevelt and Wilson and are proud of it will send $2.00 for a year's subscription to the Blade and Ledger and get this glorious emblem of his country. You will want it for Decoration Day and 4th of July. Order at once for our supply is limited.

W. D. BOYCE CO., 500 N. DEARBORN ST., CHICAGO

Chicago Ledger

Entered as second-class matter June 25, 1885, at the postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under act of March 3, 1879.

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Back numbers of the Ledger promptly mailed. Always give the dates desired, plainly written, accompanied by your full address. Price 5 cents per copy.

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For display, $2.50 each Agate Line; for Classified, 60 cents a word, per insertion for 1,250,000 circulation in the Chicago Ledger and The Saturday Blade combined. These two weeklies have an average circulation of

1,250,000

COPIES WEEKLY.

GENTLE JABS

"Doing it now" is the root of success.

There's no love so inexpensive as a mother's.

No girl cares to be considered a matchless beauty.

Many a so called opportunity is merely an optical illusion.

The easier it is to reform a man the less it amounts to.

Trusts are like babies—they go after everything in sight.

No artist can paint a self-made man as big as he thinks he is.

The woman who marries for money earns a lot more than she gets.

Men are never criticised for what they do if they never do anything.

Many a girl who is proud of her big hat is ashamed of her big shoes.

How it does disturb us when all we get for our money is the worst of it.

To err is human—and to blame it on the other fellow is still more so.

The man who has no secrets from his wife has either no secrets or no wife.

When a man falls in love he proceeds to fracture all the rules of the game.

"Straitened circumstances" sounds better, but it's just as bad as being poor.

Take good care of what little common sense you have, for the world's supply doesn't begin to equal the demand.

It is easy to convince a man that honesty is the best policy—if it pays better.

A popular neighbor is one who listens to our troubles without insisting on telling his.

One-half the world knows what the other half is doing because they are neighbors.

Thanks to a shiftless husband, many a woman has developed into an able financier.

The man who wants the earth is apt to get his share—if the mud throwers are on the job.

The average man thinks he has the wisdom of Solomon, but his actions show that he is entitled to another think.

And many a girl wastes her time trying to cultivate her vocal range when a cooking range would be more in her line.

Probably not one woman in a hundred is built after the model she would have selected had she been given the opportunity.

Music may have charms for savages, but the girl who does a continuous on the piano evidently forgets that the neighbors are partly civilized.

PEPPERS

His Large Mouth.

South Trimble, clerk of the House of Representatives, was talking in Washington about a Kentucky orator, according to the Topeka Capital.

"He is more loquacious than eloquent," said Mr. Trimble with a smile. "His mouth, to judge from the length of his speeches, must be as big as Peleg Anderson's.

"Peleg Anderson entered a Louisville music shop to buy a mouth organ. He had a very large mouth, and, though he tried every organ in the establishment, none of them seemed to suit him.

"'See here,' the salesman said finally, 'we'll have to make an organ to order for you, I guess, Peleg. Just try your mouth along this piano.'"

Mrs. Longwed—"What makes you so dissatisfied with married life?"

Mrs. Justwed—"I married Ferdinand to reform him and I find that he hasn't done a thing to requir it."

Didn't Recognize Him.

The Bishop of London on one occasion when he went to Buckingham Palace told the King that he had passed Lord Salisbury in an anteroom, but the latter did not seem to know him.

"Oh," said King Edward, "Lord Salisbury never recognizes any one," and going to a bureau he took out a new portrait of himself and handed it to the Bishop, saying, "What do you think of this?"

"A very excellent likeness, sir," said the Bishop.

"When I showed it to Salisbury," said the King, "he looked hard at it and then said, 'Poor old Bulle! I wonder if he's as stupid as he looks.'"

Catering to All.

A Boston merchant tells of an old grocer in Massachusetts who was about as "slick" an article as one would care to meet.

"One day," says the Bostonian, "I stopped before his shop and looked curiously at a long line of barrels of apples, some marked with an 'A,' some marked with a 'Z.'

"'What is the meaning of these markings?' I asked. 'The barrels seem to contain the same kind of apples.'

"'They are the same kind, son,' the old gentleman replied, 'but some customers want a barrel opened at the top, and some at the bottom.'"

Would Learn in Time.

Marie had been naughty at the dinner table and her mother had sent her into the next room to remain until she was sorry for her behavior

Marie cheerfully complied. Making no expression of repentance after a suitable time had elapsed, her mother called from an adjoining room.

"Marie, dear, aren't you sorry?"

No answer. On a repetition of the question, however, Marie replied, with a sweet and patient dignity:

"Mamma, please don't ask me any more. I'll tell you when I'm sorry."

No Wonder.

Dr. Lyman Abbott, at a luncheon at the Colony Club in New York, was good-humoredly arguing the suffrage question with a prominent suffragette.

"Now, Doctor," said the suffragette, "there's one thing you must admit. A woman doesn't grow warped and hidebound so quickly as a man. Her mind keeps younger, fresher."

"Well, I wonder," Dr. Abbott retorted. "Look how often she changes it!"

Why Go Away?

Louis Francis Brown, manager of the Burton Holmes travelogues, is telling a good one on himself.

"Mr. Holmes, upon his return from the Philippines, brought a few samples of Filipino money with him," he says, "and thinking I might make some use of it in advertising, I had a board lettered: 'You can make money in the Philippines.' Under this line I pasted several Philippine greenbacks, a $20 bill, a $10, a $5 and a $2, with sundry silver and copper coins of various denominations, ranging the amount up to about $38 Mexican or $19 in United States money. Under the money the sign further read, 'For further information attend the Burton Holmes travelogues,' and so on, giving dates, etc.

"This sign, displayed in front of the hall where our season opened in Chicago, proved attractive. There was always a crowd and I was congratulating myself that it was a fine ad when one morning my 'phone bell rang wildly and a voice from the box office of the hall said: 'Say, you'd better come down here; your money's gone.'

'Needless to say I went; it was gone, but the polite person who took it had left this note just where the $20 bill had been, which read: 'Why go to the Philippines? What's the matter with Chicago?'"

A Late Beginner.

You are to go up to O'Brien's farm," said the Doctor, "get up and go to bed with the birds, now and then pitch the hay, shuck the corn, and all that sort of thing. And you'll cut out the booze, absolutely, and——"

"Oh, yes," said the patient wearily, "I expected that."

And one cigar a day."

Oh, Doc,—not that!'

'One cigar a day," reiterated the Doctor inexorably.

Oh, very well."

Six months later the patient returned to report

Well, how did you like it?"

Fine business, Doctor. I'm fit as a fiddle. Me for that early to bed and early to rise thing. It's great."

Liked it all, eh!"

"Everything but the one cigar a day. That pretty nearly killed me."

"The tobacco habit——" began the Doctor

"At my age, Doctor, it's no joke to take up smoking."

Alone.

The amenities of political campaigning are amusingly illustrated by a story told by a Southern Congressman.

It appears that during the course of a stump speech delivered some years ago by John Sharp Williams in Mississippi he was interrupted by a sudden yell from a man in the audience.

"I have been robbed by pickpockets!"

"I did not know that there were any Republicans present," promptly suggested Mr. Williams, in order to get a laugh.

"Oh, there ain't, there ain't!" roared the unhappy man. "I'm the only one!"

Can You Stand Prosperity?

Profits $

Engesser writes: "I have just returned from a mill town 'Glenn' and in 8 hours made $43.50." With a DAYDARK PLATELESS PHOTO POST-CARD MACHINE

Earn big money at home, traveling, at fairs, on streets, taking, finishing and delivering 3 photo post-cards a minute—all done with the Daydark. No Experience Necessary. Be independent—be prosperous. Write postal to-day for Free Catalog, sample post-card showing fine work machine does and Free trial offer.

DAYDARK SPECIALTY CO.
604 Daydark Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.

FREE TRIAL 10 DAYS PREPAID

PRICE LIST SENT FREE UPON APPLICATION

RIEGER'S Monogram WHISKEY

Express Prepaid

8 Full Quarts Rieger's Monogram Private Stock **$5**

4 Full Quarts Rieger's Monogram Extra Fine **$3**

FREE two sample bottles, gold tipped glass and cork-screw with every order

Over 250,000 customers have proven that our whiskey is for the best or distilled. For smoothness and mellowness of flavor it cannot be equalled. Send remittance with order. Money refunded if whiskey is not perfectly satisfactory. Order today.

J. RIEGER & CO.
1508 Genesee Street, Kansas City, Mo.

FREE 10 DAY'S TRIAL

Pains Electric Belts sold by doctors at $15 to $25, direct from factory; $2 and up, why pay more? Free 10 days' trial. Cures rheumatism, lame back, nervous troubles, paralysis, stomach, kidney or liver troubles, etc. Catalog 30c stamps.

LEOTEY ELECTRIC CO., DAYTON, OHIO

LEG SORES

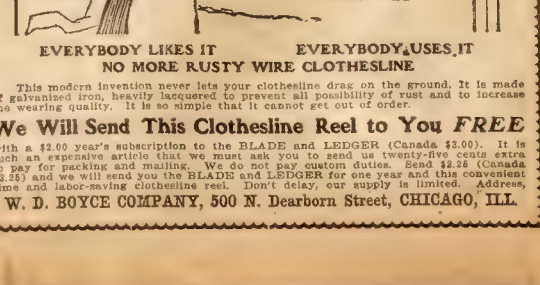
Cured by ANTI-FLAMMA Poultice Plaster. Stops the itching around sore. Cures while you work. DESCRIBE CASE and get FREE SAMPLE. Sayles Co., 1624 Grand Ave., Kansas City, Mo.

HYPNOTISM Influence and control others. Make fun and money. YOU may learn! Illustrated Treatise and full particulars FREE. H. D. BETTS, Desk 5, Jackson, Mich.

Don't Bother With That Clothesline

THE IDEAL CLOTHESLINE REEL AND 100 FEET OF EIGHT-PLY BRAIDED CLOTHESLINE **FREE**

will save your patience and keep your clothesline clean. Your clothesline will last twice as long if you do not leave it out of doors in rain and wind. It is a pleasure to take down the clothesline when you can roll it up on one of these splendid reels. A neat and compact little cabinet into which 100 feet of strong line is wound. Protects the line from dust and dirt, keeps it free from knots and tangles and out of the way when not in use. Always in place—always ready for instant use. Only a few seconds necessary to withdraw the line or wind it up. Needed in every kitchen, bathroom, laundry and back porch.



EVERYBODY LIKES IT EVERYBODY USES IT

NO MORE RUSTY WIRE CLOTHESLINE

This modern invention never lets your clothesline drag on the ground. It is made of galvanized iron, heavily lacquered to prevent all possibility of rust and to increase the wearing quality. It is so simple that it cannot get out of order.

We Will Send This Clothesline Reel to You *FREE*

with a $2.00 year's subscription to the BLADE and LEDGER (Canada $3.00). It is such an expensive article that we must ask you to send us twenty-five cents extra to pay for packing and mailing. We do not pay custom duties. Send $2.25 (Canada $2.25) and we will send you the BLADE and LEDGER for one year and this convenient time and labor-saving clothesline reel. Don't delay, our supply is limited. Address,

W. D. BOYCE COMPANY, 500 N. Dearborn Street, CHICAGO, ILL.

Warship Adventures

Or, FRANK ALLEN AT SEA

By Julian Fabre

[Copyright 1914 by W. D. Boyce Co.]

Begun in No. 25, June 20. Subscriptions can begin with that issue or back copies can be obtained from newsstands, our agents, or by mail from the office of publication.

CHAPTER VI. (Continued.)

AS SOON as Commander Merritt had received his communication, he issued orders to prepare for field duty. Two companies, one of marines and one of bluejackets, were detailed for service ashore, among the latter, to their delight, being Frank and Walt. At the call the battalion formed on the dock, the marines to the right of the colors, the sailors to the left, with details from the hospital and signal corps. Each man was equipped with rifle and ammunition, knapsack, blanket and canteen. Colt automatics were placed in the boats, which were manned and lowered from their davits, and pulled toward the wharf.

The wharf was deserted, and the men reformed here and set off at a smart pace toward the American consulate, a low building on the north side of the square, facing the Governor's palace upon the south. In the center, out of the waste of cobblestones, stood a railed statue, surrounded by four straggling palms. The square was absolutely empty, as though this were a city of dead men.

The consul received the detachment at his door. Men were at once told off to guard the important buildings, Frank, with some dozen more, including Walt, being detailed to the protection of the bank.

Now everybody was aware that an engagement was in progress among the hills on the west side of the town. The scream of the shells was incessant, and patches of smoking brush on the hillsides showed where they had fallen. They began to fall nearer, and presently one burst in the exact center of the square, demolishing a section of the railing round the statue, and scattering the branches of the palms. Then, streaming down the hill into the town, came the remnants of the beaten army. The men appeared by twos and threes, and then in dozens, some carrying rifles and turning occasionally to fire a parting shot, some without arms, and stolidly munching bananas. Then the rout found them, and scattered them in panic until the square was filled with a flying mob, streaming aimlessly from place to place, while mounted officers rode among them cursing, and struck at them with their swords. The bluejackets looked on interestedly.

At that moment the door of a green-shuttered, whitewashed house on the east side of the square opened, and an old gentleman emerged, carrying a green umbrella, and began running in the direction of the bank. He wore a patriarchal beard and glasses which bobbed over his nose, and the umbrella, which seemed in the last stage of dilapidation, opened and closed above his head with every bounce. He had got within about thirty yards of his destination when a soldier in the square kneeled and took aim at him, the bullet spattering against a house. The old gentleman quickened his pace, and then from all parts of the square came the hissing of bullets and the roar of the men enjoying their cruel sport. All at once the old man went down.

"Bring him in!" said the ensign in charge of the detachment.

Frank and Walt broke ranks, hurried forward, and raised the old gentleman from the ground. He had fallen down from exhaustion and not from a wound, and he was soon ensconced, umbrella and all, behind a pillar of the bank.

The old gentleman set down his umbrella, adjusted his spectacles, and then, turning to Frank and Walt, flung his arms around each in turn and kissed him.

Now it is never pleasant, for a man of Anglo-Saxon birth, at all events, to be kissed by an old gentleman with a beard like a billygoat; but when this osculatory feat is performed under fire it is likely to prove aggravating. But if either of the young men displayed any emotion at all, the old gentleman evidently failed to notice it.

"My preservers!" he ejaculated in Spanish, and rattled off a torrent of words.

"He wants you both to take tea with him, after the war," explained one of the bluejackets, who had learned Spanish in Cuba.

Frank was trying to think how to frame an acceptance, when with a scream and a splash a shell burst not thirty feet away, and sent up a shower of splinters. A howl came from the old gentleman's lips.

A fragment of cobblestone had torn a great rent in his umbrella.

He held it up and opened it and ruefully surveyed it, chattering meanwhile in expostulation and shaking his fist toward the hills. As the sailors had escaped injury almost by a miracle, nobody seemed greatly concerned over this damage to property.

"He says that his umbrella is a legacy from his grandfather, the guy whose statue is in the square, and that the great Liberator marched to victory beneath it against the Spaniards," expounded the bluejacket.

During this comic interlude the bluejackets and marines had quietly taken up their positions until they held every point of exit from the square. Now the columns of the victorious army began to appear over the crest of the hills, and the routed mob disappeared as if by magic, swarming down the narrow alleys and into the houses. Some minutes later order was restored, a new flag floated over the Governor's palace, and the conquerors and sailors were fraternizing.

Fruit-venders appeared, donkeys, laden with panniers, came out of the front doors of houses, a busy, bustling throng began to relieve the sailors of their pay, and the new Governor paid a ceremonious visit to the American vessel.

As for the old gentleman, he proved to be the local banker, and his appearance during the battle was a courageous act inspired partly by fear for his property and partly by the consciousness that he was the Liberator's sole surviving grandson.

Before he took his departure, however, he called the interpreting sailor and addressed him earnestly, with many gesticulations in the direction of Frank and Walt, who stood aloof, not knowing whether this might not be the prelude to further osculation.

"He says," the sailor translated, "that he wants you to come to his house tomorrow afternoon and meet his charming daughters, the Senoritas Dolores and Mercedes. Gee! I wish I was you! Ask him if he doesn't want an interpreter. I'll ask him for you."

"No thank you," replied the old gentleman, when the request was made. "My daughters were educated at Vassar and Bryn Mawr, and they speak English perfectly."

CHAPTER VII.

INASMUCH as the Albany had been sent to Asuncion to exact reparation from the Government, the triumph of the revolutionary party had vastly increased the influence and popularity of the Americans, who were received as the saviors of the country. While the warship lay off the port shore, liberty was given each day to one-fourth of the entire personnel. It was a time of continuous festivities for the bluejackets, who soon made acquaintances among the townspeople. Picnics and balls were of daily and nightly occurrence, and at least six games of ball might have been seen in progress every day around the Statue of the Liberator in the Plaza.

There was one person whom Uncle Sam wanted very much to get hold of. His name was Leon Alfarez, and he had been Governor of the town and, in this capacity, had imprisoned certain American citizens and robbed them. It was known that he was in Asuncion, but, though his cruelties and harshness had been such as to make him an object of general hatred, so far his whereabouts had not been discovered.

A fruit steamer, which had arrived in the harbor, received the refugees, who embarked amid the execrations of the mob under the protection of a guard of marines. This task accomplished, Commander Merritt handed back the town to the new Government, and the American occupation passed into history.

Allen and Marsden had not placed much faith in the friendly talk of Senor Gomez, the old gentleman with the historic umbrella. They were, therefore, greatly surprised when, early on the morning of their first liberty day, they received letters, written in perfect English, inviting them, in the old gentleman's name, to enjoy a picnic in the mountains with him and his daughters. They lost no time in getting ashore and to Senor Gomez's house, where they were introduced to two charming, vivacious brunettes.

"My daughter, Senorita Dolores," said the old gentleman to Walt—at least, that must have been what he said; and the Senorita and Walt promptly fell into conversation.

"My daughter, Senorita Mercedes," said Senor Gomez to Frank.

The Senorita Mercedes was even prettier than her sister. About eighteen years of age, she had a pair of sparkling eyes, a smile that was irresistible, and long, black hair that coiled in heavy masses round her shapely head. Both young men soon felt at their ease, and, a hack arriving, the five of them crowded into it and were driven, with much lashing and objurgations on the part of the driver toward his ancient steed, through the town and up the steep hillside, until they came to a halt on the crest in a grove of palm trees overlooking the bay, in which could be seen the Albany at anchor.

A lunch basket made its appearance, and after a delicious repast, followed by cigars the like of which neither of the young men had ever smoked, Senor Gomez proceeded to fall asleep under the shadow of the venerable green umbrella.

It would be a remarkable thing if two young men, not yet in their twenties, and two beautiful girls of the same age could be left together in this way without impressing one another. While Walt and Dolores strolled where they would, Frank and Mercedes stood side by side upon the cliff, and before Frank knew it, he was telling his companion all about his life at home.

"And your mother—does she not miss you?" questioned the senorita. "If I could remember my mother—but she died when we were babies, and now we have only papa and Aunt Maria in the world."

"Poor Aunt Maria! Why did we not take her?" asked Frank, feeling, nevertheless, heartily glad that the old lady had not honored them with her company.

"Aunt Maria is very peculiar," said Mercedes. "She is what you call—let me see—a recluse. Sometimes she will not leave her room for days together. She is very religious since her husband's death. And yet she is our only help against papa."

"Against papa!" exclaimed Frank.

The senorita's lips trembled.

"Yes," she said, nodding her head. "Papa wishes to force us into hateful marriages with men whom we despise, because they are his political friends."

Frank was horrified. "He can't do that!" he cried. "Haven't you the right to choose whom you will marry?"

"Ah, not in this country," said the senorita sadly, with a sidelong glance at Frank. "No, there is no help for us. We must become the brides of those we detest, for even Aunt Maria can no longer oppose herself to papa."

And she dabbed at her eyes with a little handkerchief of filmy lace.

Just at that moment Senor Gomez awoke and began calling for his daughters. How Frank hated the sight of that ancient umbrella bobbing among the palms!

"Papa says he is sorry that we have bored you," translated Mercedes. "He wishes to express a thousand pardons, and says that you must now talk politics with him and tell him all about America."

It was a dreary ending to the picnic, and Frank's feelings toward the old gentleman were far from cordial ones as he explained to him the difference between Republicans and Democrats. They drove back in the cool of the evening, and all the way Frank was planning how he could save Mercedes from the fate that awaited her.

"Frank," said his chum that night, as they unlashed their hammocks, "that girl is a peach!"

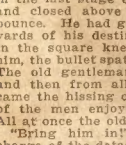
"You're right," agreed Frank heartily. "Mercedes——"

"Who's talking about Mercedes?" interrupted Walt, brusquely. "I mean Dolores."

"Oh! I don't know anything about Dolores," answered Frank, coldly.

"Of course you don't, you great calfhead. Do you suppose Dolores would look twice at a fellow like you? Say, Frank," he continued, "do you know her father is trying to make her marry a man she hates? She wants to get to America and be free. Gee, I wish I could do something!"

"Why, he's trying to marry off Mer-



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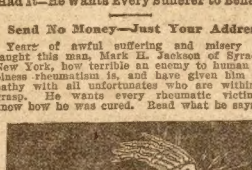

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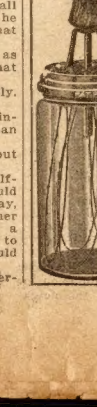

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cedes, too," exclaimed Frank in surprise.

"Can't we do anything to help them?" asked Walt, dismally. "It's a shame. Let's put our heads together and think over some plan."

Two mornings later each of the young men received a card bearing an invitation to a ball which Senor Gomez was to give on the following evening. Frank and Walt obtained overnight liberty and toward sundown set foot on the wharf.

The house had been completely decorated for the event, and the ballroom and hall and stairs were festooned with flowers. They were the only bluejackets present, and enjoyed themselves heartily every minute of the time.

"None of these girls is a patch on ours," whispered Walt to Frank, as they passed each other. "Regular clingstones, every one of them."

"Only one dance," Mercedes had said to Frank, and she had given him one toward the end of the program. When his turn came he could not find her anywhere.

He passed through the various rooms, searching for her, and at last came upon her in the conservatory, almost hidden behind a group of palms. To his amazement she had her handkerchief to her eyes and was sobbing bitterly.

"It is no use," she wept, when he tried to discover the cause of her grief. "My father insists that I shall marry Senor Garcia tomorrow."

"Tomorrow!" exclaimed Frank.

"He is a tyrant. I hate him. I shall kill myself!" cried Senorita Mercedes. "If only Aunt Maria could help me! She sympathizes with me; but how can two women go, unescorted, aboard the Calabria?"

The Calabria was the ancient fruit-ship which, loaded with bananas and refugees, was getting ready to leave for Vera Cruz.

"I will escort you," exclaimed Frank. "Can you not slip out of the house tonight?"

She glanced up at him incredulously.

"I have overnight leave," said Frank. "We can get a boat at the wharf, and I can row you there. Once aboard, nobody can harm you."

"God bless you!" cried Senorita Mercedes, gratefully. "We can board the Calabria and go to Vera Cruz; thence I can get passage to America, and, once there, I can support myself. You will not forget me when you have gone back to your ship?"

"I shall never forget you," answered Frank, earnestly.

The plan was soon made. Mercedes was to slip out, with her aunt, through a small side door which Frank had noticed. Their departure would be unnoticed in the excitement of the ball, and Frank would be waiting there to escort the ladies to the wharf, where a boat could be obtained or taken. Without saying a word to Walt, Frank left the house and stood waiting among the shadows until the side door opened softly and two figures appeared. Mercedes he recognized immediately, although she was disguised in a long black cloak and mantilla. The aunt, a stout, squat figure, was completely covered with a widow's veil, which concealed her face so effectively that she could hardly see the foothpath, and needed Mercedes' hand upon her arm to steady her.

They reached the wharf and found a boat moored there. Frank pushed off and pulled on the oars until the hulk of the Calabria loomed up above them. A low call, an officer who descended the ladder to help the ladies mount, and Frank was left alone.

Frank did not see Walt again that night. When they met on board next day, his friend beckoned to him to come with him, and led him apart.

"Where did you disappear last night?" he asked.

"What's that to you?" demanded Frank, shortly. "Where did you go?"

"I went aboard as soon as the ball was ended. I smelled trouble in the air, and, though I didn't know just what was afoot, something told me I'd better be getting back. I guess I know where you went, though."

"Well, if you must know," said Frank, in high elation, "I took Miss Mercedes and her aunt rowing."

Walt began spluttering with laughter. "Oh, that's too good!" he spluttered. "I can't keep it in! Oh, Frank Allen, of all the boobs—say! Don't you ever breathe a word to any one, or the Captain will put you in the brig for the rest of your days. Listen! Leon Alfarez was Mercedes' sweetheart, and it's known that he escaped aboard the Calabria last night in woman's clothes."

CHAPTER VIII.

A YEAR had gone by since Frank Allen joined the Albany, and eighteen months since his enlistment. Walt and he were now rated as seamen, and each drew his $26.40 monthly. This was Uncle Sam's second raise in their wages since they had entered his service. Frank was no longer the raw recruit who had found so much novelty in shipboard life and was amazed at everything. He had come to accept the navy as his career, and meant to stick. He was proud of his uniform, his ship, and his officers. Captain Merritt had not forgotten his promise to him.

He had grown in experience and character since those days at Asuncion. He had seen life in many ports along the Atlantic shore, and had been to Havana at a critical period in Cuban history. He had done his duty and acquitted himself well everywhere.

Now he was in port in Brooklyn once more, and the Albany was undergoing her half-yearly cleaning, preparatory to sailing to join the Atlantic Squadron for target practice.

One day Frank came face to face in the street with Miss Raymond. She knew him at once, and stopped, and they had a long chat together as he escorted her to her home. He learned that she was no longer Miss Merritt's companion; she was going to the Philippines, she said, to take up school work there, and hoped that his fortune would bring him there some day.

Her name was Lucille. Frank thought this the most beautiful name that he had ever heard. When they parted he was, for the first time in his life, in love.

However, he did not let his mind dwell too long upon such matters. His duty kept him busy, and the days at the Yard passed quickly. Shortly before the Albany was ready for sea, a vacancy occurred in the crew of one of the forward turret guns, and to his delight Frank was detailed to the post. Hitherto his sole experience of gun drill had been in carrying ammunition out of the magazine to the electric hoist; now he would obtain a working knowledge at first hand.

He had written to his mother telling her of his destination, and to his great surprise received a visit from her. The old lady had long been in doubt as to Frank's environment, and finally the contrast between what her son wrote and the memory of Uncle Jed's yarns had become so strong, that she decided to run up to New York and find out which was the truth. She came on board unannounced, and Frank's eyes grew moist when he suddenly came upon her standing behind a seven-inch gun and listening while a gunner's mate explained its mechanism to her. Then he flung his arms around her.

She could hardly believe her eyes. She stared and stared, and then she wiped her spectacles and stared again.

"Why, Frank, you—you've grown into a man!" she said. "You look for all the world like—like those young fellows I saw at Mills Falls. How straight you hold yourself! And you must have grown two inches! And, Frank, what have you done to your chest? It's grown so big!"

He showed her about the ship, and she was interested in every detail.

"And they don't feed you on pickled horse, like your Uncle Jed said?" she inquired.

"Mother," said Frank, "there's only one kind of pie better than we get here, and that is the kind you make."

"Well, I'm glad of that, because I've brought you some," she answered, and taking her suitcase, which Frank had been carrying, she opened it and produced a box of delicacies. "But how about the rope?" she added.

"The rope, mother?"

"The rope coated with tar and steeped in brine, that your uncle said they keep to flog you with."

Frank laughed heartily. "I guess those old ropes wore out when they changed the old order of things," he said. "Why, mother, it would be as much as an officer's commission is worth even to swear at an enlisted man."

He introduced his friends to her before she left the vessel.

"I guess your Uncle Jed is a back-number, Frank, if those young men are like all the rest," she said.

"Your father sends you his regards, and hopes you are making a man of yourself," she continued, "and I saw Mr. Benson before I left, and he says that if you come back with an honorable discharge there may be a place for you in his bookkeeping department at forty dollars a month."

Frank could not help smiling.

"Why, mother, I'm getting $26.40 clear above my board and lodging," he said, "and I guess I couldn't get that for fourteen more, not to mention foreign tours thrown in. Promotion, too, is a good deal quicker in the United States Navy than in the electric works. And what do you think, mother? I've spent what I wanted and I've got nearly $150 stowed away already, with Uncle Sam, at four per cent."

So they chatted until the station was reached, and when Frank said good-by, rather sadly, he became aware that his mother had begun to rely on him and to ask his advice, a thing that she had never done before. Insensibly, his physical setting-up had strengthened him morally as well, and given him self-reliance and resolution.

CHAPTER IX.

"ALL hands rig ship for coaling!"

The Albany lay in Hampton Roads with other battleships of the Atlantic Squadron, and the dirtiest job that ever a sailor tackles was at hand. Launches, cutters, and dinghies were lowered into the water and secured astern, the upper deck was cleared, and coaling booms erected. From the bottoms of bags old uniforms, old suits, any nondescript apparel was brought out and put on, for coaling is the one job that requires no prescribed attire to be worn. Shortly before eight bells in the morning loaded lighters were lying alongside each ship, and on board each fighting unit of the fleet every man was waiting for the signal to begin the race. Frank had his place in a lighter among a group of men who had been selected for this part of the job, and stood waiting, shovel in hand.

"All hands coal ship!"

The signal was given simultaneously aboard each vessel, and instantly every man sprang into action, officers included, and not a few of the yeomen, who had been dragged from snug corners to participate. In the lighters the men shoveled frantically, and yelled for "empties;" on the deck others grubbed the filled bags as the electric hoists brought them aboard, and passed them from hand to hand to the coal chutes which had been erected to carry the coal down to the bunkers. Fifteen hundred tons of coal had to be taken aboard each battleship. The bags, hoisted in sets of three, swept the deck from the coaling booms, to the imminent danger of all who might be caught in the way. But nobody cared, for the Albany held the coaling championship of the squadron, and meant to retain it. The men toiled amid clouds of sooty dust that almost hid the band upon the bridge playing its liveliest marches. Hourly signals from the yard-arm told the number of tons taken aboard, and when at last the grimy, worn-out men ended, the signal of their ship's victory from the flagship brought forth salvos of cheers.

Then deck hose, brooms, and squilgees were called into requisition, and by the end of the day the Albany was spick and span once more.

And now, with bunkers filled, the battleships prepared to start for the practice grounds. "Up anchor," was piped, the clanging chains ascended through the hawse pipes, and following the flagship, the vessels put out to sea.

First came signaling drill, in which Frank felt only the normal amount of interest, though Walt Marsden was already drawing an extra three dollars monthly as an expert signalman. Frank's

whole soul was in ordnance work. The Albany carried, besides her four twelve-inch guns, two to each turret, a number of eight-inch, a port and starboard battery of six seven-inch guns each, and a score of three-inch quick-firers. Although he was attached to a turret gun, Frank had not learned very much; he kept his eyes and ears open, but the intricacies of the breech-plug bewildered him, and during the practice drill, which now took place continuously, his duty was to load the powder bags upon the hoist which shot them up to the breech. And at the Morris tube he never managed to hit the bull's-eye.

He watched more fortunate men with envy, and made friends with every one who seemed able to give him information. Torpedoes interested him as much as the guns. He knew that during his first term of enlistment he would be lucky if he scraped together any knowledge worth speaking of. At re-enlistment, if he had marks on his record aggregating 75 per cent of the total, and a good conduct record—and Frank knew that he would have both—he would be given an opportunity to attend the course of instruction in the Seamen-Gunners' classes at the Washington Navy Yard, and at the Naval Torpedo Station at Newport. There he would learn everything about guns and torpedoes, assembling, breech mechanism, manufacture of shells and fuses, and electrical firing devices. For the present he eagerly sought information from those who had it to impart. A friendly gunner's mate took him into the torpedo-room.

"We use the Bliss-Leavitt, 18-meter, 21-inch torpedo," he explained. "It is a modification of the old Whitehead, a bit more than sixteen feet long, and weighs about a ton. It carries nearly 200 pounds of guncotton, runs at 26 knots, and can blow a hole in a man-o'-war at 4,000 yards. Sort of a whale, isn't she?"

"Our tubes are under water, as you know, but they don't have to be. "You've seen them on deck in torpedo destroyers. This here is what we call an exercise head, with water ballast, for practicing. Instead of a charge of explosive we fit her with a can of calcium phosphide that ignites when it enters the water and leaves a trail of fire and smoke by which we can trace and recover her. What would happen if a torpedo got lost in practice? Honest, I'd hate to think of it—they're sort of scarce.

"You see, we start her with compressed air or a small charge of gunpowder. Then she goes by her own power. She's got her own turbines inside her, driven also by compressed air, something over 2,000 pounds to the square inch. They're in this part—the afterbody, together with the depth regulator that controls the horizontal rudders and the gyroscopic gear that controls the vertical ones. She steers herself, you see. The gyroscope made it possible to discharge her at an angle up to 120 degrees from the objective, and she'll turn 'round through that arc until she points dead for the target. She's sure some whale when she gets moving."

Frank listened and wondered what Uncle Jed would have thought of gyroscopes and afterbodies.

At last all was in readiness for firing tests. The Albany had made excellent records during practice, and her crew was trained to fire the maximum number of shots within the period allotted. The course was marked out by a line of buoys, along which each vessel was to steam in turn, the target being a sail stretched on a raft between two masts. After each series of shots had been fired a repair party would examine the target, count the hits, and replace the canvas and any portions of the raft that had been shot away.

The Albany had done well with her smaller ordnance, but it was with her turret guns that she expected especially to achieve distinction. To Frank's great disappointment he was taken from the gun and put back in the handling-room, his duty being to load the 900-pound shell and its four powder bags upon the trolley which ran to the electric hoist. The hoist stopped at the rear of the gun, where the rammers were thrown over and the shell entered the bore followed by the powder bags and the breech block, which closed the breech. The discharge of each gun was the signal for the hoist to be started with a fresh shell and powder, and every movement of each of the crew was the result of careful drill designed to eliminate time.

The handling-room adjoined the magazine, which contained bags of powder in wooden cylinders. Frank had just loaded the hoist for the fifth or sixth time, and had seen it ascend, when the discharge of the gun was followed by a sheet of blinding, scorching flame that swept down the hoist and enveloped him in a moment, filling the handling-room with fire.

There was no time to think; only the trained instinct of the seaman saved the ship. Frank sprang into the magazine and slammed the door. A muslin bag containing 360 pounds of smokeless powder was already afire. It was a matter of an instant to turn the hose upon it. The fire sputtered out, and an instant later, utterly overcome, Frank collapsed upon the floor. He did not know that his eyebrows were burned to cinders by the flames.

The incident might have been an accident that would have blown the Albany to pieces but for Frank's presence of mind. A flare-back had occurred when the breach of the twelve-inch gun was opened, and the undischarged gases, igniting on contact with the air, had swept down the hoist. The delay lost the Albany the championship, but it brought Frank a letter of thanks from the Secretary of the Navy. He was made plugman of the gun crew, and, as soon as his length of service would permit, received the rating of gunner's mate.

The continuation of this thrilling story will be found in the Ledger issue of next week. If you are not a regular subscriber to the Ledger we would like to have your name on our list. The Ledger is only $1.00 per year and we have stories awaiting publication that you cannot afford to miss.

The LEDGER'S EMBROIDERY CORNER.

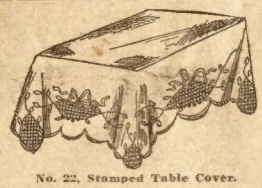
We call the attention of every woman to the beauty of the patterns displayed from week to week, and wish to impress upon each one the splendid quality of material that makes our offer a great bargain in every case. Every offer is complete. You can finish it up without buying anything extra.

These designs are already stamped on best quality cloth, and every set comes to you complete, exactly as described.

Every one of the designs we are going to offer is new and up-to-date, and nowhere else can you secure the same, as they are made exclusively for us.

You are sure to find many articles that you want if you watch the Ledger each week, and it is so easy to get them, every woman should have little trouble in getting almost every one.

Canada—Single subscriptions, $1.50; Blade and Ledger, $3.00 the year.



No. 22, Stamped Table Cover.

NO. 22, STAMPED TABLE COVER.—Here is a table cover of excellent quality and attractive design. "All linen and a yard square." It will be an ornament for any home. The pattern is stamped on the cloth, and should be worked in punch work.

You can obtain this table cover free of charge by sending $1.00 for a year's subscription (new or renewal) to the Blade or Ledger.

NO. 1,000, FRATERNAL ORDER PILLOW COVERS.—This is a sample pillow cover with the Masonic emblem. You can get a pillow cover for any of the fraternal orders such as Odd Fellows, Elks, Knights of Pythias, etc., by telling us which one you want.

No. 1,000, Fraternal Order Pillow Covers.

This pillow is ready for use and need not be embroidered as the design is stamped in colors on art drill 22x22 inches. A back of the same material is included and colored floss for working. Send us $1.00 for a year's subscription (new or renewal) to the Blade or the Ledger and we will mail it to you free of charge.

NO. 127, PILLOW TOP.—Among the hundreds of pillow tops which are offered to every housekeeper this is one of the best. Our rose design pillow top need not be embroidered, unless it is desired, as it is already tinted in colors on tan art ticking, 17x21 inches. We will include with this pillow top a high quality linen back and embroidery floss for outlining the design. You can get this free, postage prepaid, by sending $1.00 for a year's subscription to the Blade or Ledger.

No. 127, Pillow Top.

NO. 125, SET OF SIX DOILIES.—Here are six of the cutest little doilies that we have ever given away. They will delight the children. The designs are stamped on pure linen, and we will send you embroidery floss with which to work on them. These six doilies will be sent absolutely free to any one sending $1.00 for a year's subscription to the Blade or Ledger.

No. 125, Set of Doilies.

* * *

Painting the Lily.

A church in Illinois decided to send a box of Christmas gifts to a negro school for girls in Mississippi. The pastor urged the members of the congregation to bring useful gifts. On the night the box was packed it developed that three of the young ladies of the congregation had brought curling irons!

PATTERN COUPONS FREE!

Hundreds of Patterns to Select From

The great difficulty in making one's own garments is to get suitable patterns. Our women readers could make many pretty and useful things for themselves and their children if they could get well-made patterns. We have arranged to give our readers a pattern service unexcelled.

We make a splendid offer of the best and most fashionable patterns that can be produced by the greatest designers of New York and Paris, and what is more, these patterns will be within the reach of every one, and every one will have a wide selection to choose from. **Read our splendid offer below.**

8306 Gown with Simulated Tunic, 34 to 42 bust.

8320 Girl's Dress, 10 to 14 years.

8310 Plain Blouse, 34 to 42 bust.

8309 One-Piece Draped Skirt, 22 to 30 waist.

8305 Child's Dress, 2 to 6 years.

8312 Two-Piece Skirt, 22 to 30 waist.

8319 Fancy Blouse for Misses and Small Women, 16 and 18 years.

8304 Girl's Norfolk Coat, 10 to 14 years.

HOW TO GET THE FREE PATTERNS

Here is the way we will do it. To every one who will send us one dollar for a year's subscription to the Chicago Ledger we will send absolutely free five pattern coupons. Each coupon will be good for one pattern and you can select the patterns from those illustrated in any issue of the Chicago Ledger. When you see a pattern that you like all you have to do is to send us a coupon and it will be sent you at once. In this way you will have hundreds of patterns from which to pick the five that you will be entitled to, and you have all the time you need to pick out the ones you want.

These patterns are the best that can be made. Each pattern gives full directions for the cutting and making with information as to the amount of cloth required, etc., so that any one can make any of the designs illustrated with no trouble at all. At the same time, they are so stylish and accurately cut that dressmakers and seamstresses all over the country will be quick to take advantage of this liberal offer. Some will subscribe for two years so they can get ten coupons. These designs are made by the best designers and modists of New York and Paris, and are up-to-the-minute in fashion and beauty.

We treat old and new customers alike on this splendid offer. If you are already a subscriber, send in a dollar and we will send you the five pattern coupons and extend your subscription one year from the time it now expires.

To get these five coupons entitling you to five patterns, fill out the blank below and enclose it with one dollar for a year's subscription to the Chicago Ledger. Do this now—today! No woman could be without the Ledger's Pattern Coupon Book. Be among the thousands of women who will get these coupons.

..... CUT THIS OUT AND SEND TO US .....

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If you wish any pattern from those advertised in this issue, mark the number and size on the margin and we will retain a coupon for each pattern we send you when we send you the Coupon Book. (Order by size and number.) **Coupons good for six months.**

THE FAIRY CORNER

ONE OF LIFE'S MYSTERY.

Oh, life is all so very queer,
I don't know what I am!
Mamma calls me her little deer,
And grandma calls me lamb.

Papa says I'm his little puss,
Or sometimes little kid,
And brother tells me I'm a goose—
Yes, that's just what he did!

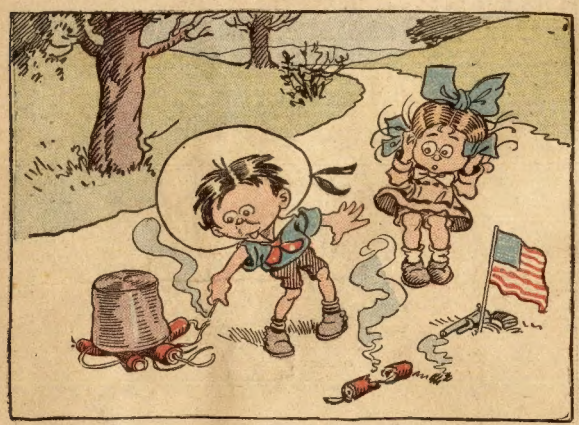
They call me kitten, fairy, chick,
Dove, and canary-bird,
And then they tell me I'm a brick—
It's certainly absurd!

Why do they want to make a hen,
Or sheep, or cat of me?
Why don't they call me now and then
Something I'd like to be?

I'd like to be an elephant,
Or eagle, or giraffe,
But when I tell them what I want,
They just sit still and laugh.

FIRECRACKERS.

The Dolliversa, as you may remember, are a family of dolls. The country they live in is the nursery. It is a flat country, and the land is rich or poor, according to the figures on the carpet. The house they live in is a little low cupboard, and that makes an upstairs and a downstairs for the Dolliver family. The nearest running water is the washstand, away and away over in the corner of the nursery, where, if nurse turns on the faucet, there is a raging cataract and a large lake. The Dolliverss love to picnic near this natural curiosity.



"Why is the Fourth of July, Willie?"
"Why, you're plum ignorant! It's 'cause Columbus discovered us July 4th, 1942."

As the Fourth of July approached, the twins, Which and Tother, simply made Mrs. Dolliver's life a burden by begging for firecrackers.

"You must remember, children," she said very solemnly, "that your father is a lame man. How perfectly terrible it would be if you should get some firecrackers and one of the firecrackers should go off too soon and should injure your father's other foot—then what would you do?"

Which and Tother said that firecrackers never went off any too soon to suit them. Then they said that if pop's other foot (they would call Mr. Dolliver pop, although Mrs. Dolliver had frequently threatened to spank them for it and would really have spanked them if the baby had not been sewed into her arm)—if pop's other foot was blown off with a firecracker, they would wheel him around in a little wheeled cart and beg for pennies, like the man on the street beside the 5 and 10 cent store from which they came.

Mrs. Dolliver was disgusted with this, and more in the notion to spank them than ever. That evening, Ethel, the owner of the dolls, got a package from her papa when he came home. She screamed with delight over it; and just before she went upstairs to bed she ran to the Dolliver house and threw the little package on the kitchen floor (the kitchen was the lower shelf, you know, and that was a convenient place to put things).

What do you suppose the package was? It was a bunch of firecrackers. Poor Mrs. Dolliver almost fainted. "And so near the kitchen range, too," she moaned. "I see no way of safety, except for us to sit up all night long, with tubs of water between the range and those terrible things—bombs I call them."

The paper doll was coming to dinner that evening, and so they filled the tubs and basins and buckets with water, and they all sat up solemnly and told of the dreadful things that they had known to happen from firecrackers exploding.

Mrs. Dolliver was just finishing a really heart-rending story of how a wicked boy once fastened Aunt Dinah to the top of a tin pan and let off a whole bunch of firecrackers under her so that she jumped and humped and thumped and bumped for five minutes, when Which fell head first into a tub of water.

Tother always did what Which did, so he promptly fell into another tub, and from that time on the Dolliver family were kept busy pulling one or the other of the twins out of the tubs and drying them. Finally Dolly Dolliver said that she wasn't going to stand it any more; she was going to light those firecrackers and let them go off, and then perhaps they could have peace.

She ran up to them with a lighted match, her mother screaming every minute about Mr. Dolliver's being a lame man and the baby being sewed into her own arm. The string of the first firecracker burned right down to the red part—and nothing happened. When this was the case with the third firecracker, Dolly Dolliver concluded that there was something queer about it. She leaned down and touched her tongue to that red firecracker; then she bit it, and then she laughed, for they were candy firecrackers, such as you will be lucky if you get a pack this Fourth of July, for they are great fun.

As soon as Which and Tother understood about the candy they whooped one wild whoop and threw themselves upon it, for Which and Tother could hold almost as much candy as the knitted man's mule.

Mrs. Dolliver was so relieved in her mind, however, that she said she felt like having a picnic. So the spotted horse was brought out and hitched to the thread-box, and the whole family got in, Mr. and Mrs. Dolliver on the front seat, the paper doll and Dolly Dolliver next to them, Aunt Dinah in the back, and the twins, Which and Tother, hanging on behind, screaming and kicking up a dust.

They took the candy firecrackers with them; they were over near the washstand where there was plenty of running water, and they certainly had the most delightful picnic that you can imagine. Which and Tother fell off the washstand only five times. The baby was seen to be choking almost to death once, and they found that Which and Tother had attempted to feed it candy. The twins tickled the heels of the spotted horse and made him kick, so that one of them got his hand nicked and three fingers were gone.

But they had a jolly time, anyway, and nobody minded the accidents to the twins, least of all the twins themselves.

MANNERS.

"Come out of your hole," said the robin,
And chirped a polite invitation.
The robin was kind,
But the shy worm declined
Nor made he the least explanation.

The robin in turn grew discourteous
(Though surely he didn't begin it).
Determined and firm
He seized up the worm
And pulled him right out in a minute.

The robin was rudely persistent,
The worm impolitely unheeding.
The one to compel—
The one to rebel—
Which showed the more lack of good breeding.

Brother Crow.

"Hello, old Mr. Crow," said Peggy, as a big black bird which has been wildly cawing overhead dropped suddenly to perch upon the fence and cock his bright eyes at her. "Tell me about him, Aunt Edith. See, he looks so clever, I'm sure he'd talk if he could."

"He's interesting enough, although he's something of a rascal," replied Aunt Edith, smiling. "Perhaps no other common bird that you have ever seen is half so clever."

"He can't talk much," said Peggy. "I've never heard him say anything except 'caw.' Hasn't he any song?"

"No," answered Aunt Edith, "he positively hasn't a note that his best friend could say was musical. If he had we should have found out about it ages ago, for the peoples of the earth have known him for ages and ages, and for centuries the farmers have raved at him and tried their best to poison and shoot him, and persuade their children to persecute him. Even the scientists and the artists have found in him only an interesting study."

"Is the crow so very bad?" asked Peggy, wrinkling her brow. "Is that why every one hates him?"

Aunt Edith smiled. "He pretty bad sometimes," she said, "but then, you see, people, the farmers especially, make the mistake of not taking into account the good he does as well as the evil. The farmer never counts the poisonous grubs destroyed by our friend, for insects would devour his seed if it were not for this fine black fellow."

"Yes; but, auntie, think of all the little chickens and birds he swoops down upon and destroys. You can't defend him for that!"

"No," said Aunt Edith; "there I am perfectly willing to admit that he has the heart of a robber."

"What does a crow's nest look like, auntie?" said Peggy, as the bird flew off cawing harshly.

"I have seen a crow's nest only once," said Aunt Edith. "Old Mr. Crow generally builds up high and an almost limbless tree. It is a bulky nest, made of rough sticks and quite smooth on the inside. When you look for a crow's nest, be sure that you search near the top of a tree, and take care not to scare the poor fellow, he has so many frights, and is so hated on all sides."

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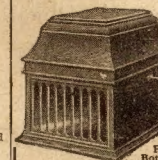

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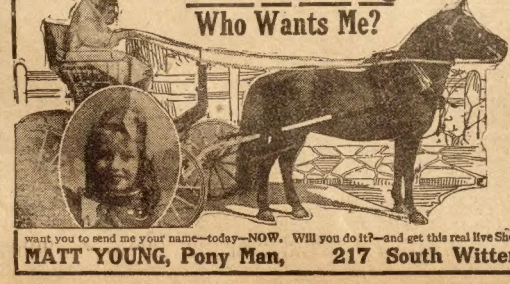

Any Boy or Girl can get all this—

Just send me your name

Emma Williams is the name of the little girl below. I made her a present of this pony and outfit seven years ago. She still has it. It took several prizes at fairs. She writes me a letter every year and sends me pictures of herself and pony. See her smile. She's glad she sent me her name and told me she wanted a pony. I am still giving ponies away to boys and girls. DO YOU WANT ONE? Do like little Emma did,—send me your name. My plan is simple and easy. Do as I say—and

Send Your Name Quick

The next pony I am going to give away is a beauty—jet black, about as high as the dining-room table, round, plump, well trained, as gentle as a lamb. Perfectly safe for any little boy or girl to ride or drive. The carriage is just as pretty, with rubber tires and nickel side-lamps. Fine black leather, nickel-plated harness, russet leather saddle and bridle. Could you think of a finer outfit? Do as I say and you can have all as a present from me. I want your name. I have a story to tell you. I have the pony all ready to send to the lucky boy or girl. It can be you just as well as not. Send me no money. I don't want money—I just want you to send me your name—today—NOW. Will you do it?—and get this real live Shetland pony and complete outfit. DO IT. Address

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